THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1805.

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3 A new and elegant Pattern for a Half Handkerchief.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, *No. 25, Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Saturday, February 1, will be published,

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

(Embellished with—1. An elegant Frontispiece, representing *Britannia mourning the loss of her late great* NAVAL HERO, designed and engraved by eminent Artists.—2. A View of the *Funeral Procession by water*, from Greenwich to the Admiralty, of the Remains of the late much-lamented ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, taken at the moment when the barge bearing the corpse passed through the centre arch of Blackfriars-bridge, attended by the boats of the River Fencibles and the barges of the Livery Companies—3. Fashionable LONDON DRESSES for January, elegantly coloured.—4. Two fashionable Patterns for a Cap)

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1806.

Containing, besides the usual variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles, the Continuation of the,

ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES,

A Novel, written by a Lady;

Embellished with a series of highly-finished Engravings, illustrative of the principal scenes and incidents.

*** The favourable reception with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been so long honoured by a candid and generous Public demands from the Proprietor the most grateful acknowledgement. He has the happiness to perceive, by the still increasing encouragement he experiences, that the exertions he has made to preserve to this Miscellany the character it has so long maintained have been approved by his FAIR PATRONESSES: and he begs leave to assure them, that no attention or assiduity shall be wanting on his part to continue to merit the same highly flattering approbation.

††† The number for December contained, besides the usual embellishments, a Portrait of the late gallant LORD NELSON, engraved by HEATH; and in that for February will be given, engraved by the same Artist, a highly-finished portrait of ALEXANDER I. EMPEROR of RUSSIA, taken from a miniature of the same size presented by his Imperial Majesty to the Right Honourable Lord Hawksbury.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1805.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* CONFORMATION *of the Islands* MALTA, CUMIN, *and* GOZA.

(From Boisgelin's History of Malta.)

[*With an elegant View of the City of Valetta, in the Island of Malta, as seen from the adjoining Country.*]

THESE three islands are calcareous rocks, which furnish very few objects worthy the attention of a naturalist. Indeed, some petrifactions and calcareous concretions are the only fossil productions which deserve a place in a cabinet of natural history. But as there is no single spot on the whole surface of the globe which does not afford some curious observations in cosmogony, nor even a heap of stones which has not some reference to the ancient history of our world, and which may not serve to give an idea of the theory of its original formation; the island of Malta, considered in that light, offers some interesting subjects deserving our attention.

Malta, Cumin, and Goza, are evidently only the remains of a large tract of land which extended towards the south-south-west, and which (owing in all probability to the solidity of the soil) have resisted the violence that caused the destruction of the country of which they originally made a part. Innumerable observations made on the spot confirm this opinion; but at present it will be sufficient to prove the fact by some account of the physical formation of these islands.

Malta becomes much narrower, at the same time that it lengthens, from east-south-east to west-north-west; the islands of Cumin and Goza are placed successively in the same direction, and are separated by narrow straits.

To have a just idea of Malta, we must figure to ourselves an inclined plane running from south-south-west to north-north-east, in such a manner that the calcareous strata (nearly parallel) of which it is almost entirely composed, rise towards the south and south-east nearly two hundred fathoms above the sea, which dashes against the bottom of these declivities. At the same time on the opposite side they are of a considerable length, and decline insensibly, till they become level with the sea. The direction of these strata, together with their exact correspondence with the opposite parts, consisting of defiles and valleys, evidently shew what was the real shape of the island when the strata deposited by the sea ceased to accumulate: even since that time it has undergone great vicissitudes. The regularity of this work has been changed, a great part of the upper stratum destroyed, and that vast body of regularly parallel

strata so worn, hollowed out, and ploughed by the violence of the currents, that it is scarcely possible to trace—such is the disorder which reigns throughout the mountains, defiles, hills and vales—the system which joins them together, and points out the origin of their formation.

The broadest part of the island, the least wasted, and the flattest (though sufficiently elevated), is that to the east of the city Valetta; it is consequently more peopled, and easier cultivated; though here, as in all other places, the rock is entirely naked, except where the industry of the inhabitants has placed a layer of earth to encourage vegetation.

The principal defiles and valleys run constantly from south-south-west to north-east; which is their natural direction, for they have all been formed out of the rock by the violent currents of water rushing from the heights. These valleys extend to that part of the sea where the coast is almost level, and there form those fine ports which make this island so very important for trade and navigation. Smaller valleys have in process of time been formed, taking a contrary direction to the principal ones, and the united waters of these form the different ports which communicate with that of the city, which with a gentle curve extends into the valley of Marsa, of which it is a continuation.

This valley, now the broadest, the most extensive and fertile in the whole island, was formerly almost entirely sea: indeed, it is not very long since the tide came up as far as casal Fornaro; but the accretion of vegetable earth from the higher lands, the fragments of the surrounding rocks, the hand of the labourer, and above all the influx of sand, &c. occasioned by the force of the sea when the wind is at north-east, have by degrees entirely filled it up. In a short time the bottom of the port will be equally filled, and might be so still sooner, by making basins, into which the sea could be conveyed by dykes, and where from its calm state it would deposit that matter which is kept back when the water is greatly agitated. The basin in the midst of a small plain, called Little Marsa, is already nearly choaked up, and that without any means having been employed for the purpose.

The valleys are longer and deeper in proportion as they extend from east to west. One very wide extends itself under the casals* of Mosta, Nasciar, and Gharghul, and terminates at the port of the salt-works. It is bounded to the right by a chain of craggy rocks which run across the whole breadth of the island, and divide into two parts. This boundary, formed by the hand of nature, has been made the means of defence to Malta, by intrenchments formed in the rocks, and seems to be regarded as such by the inhabitants; for beyond it, towards the west, there are no villages, and scarcely any cultivated land. The port or creek of Melleha penetrates so far into the inland country, that it almost divides the island, which is very narrow in that part; and there is every reason to believe that the straits which occasion Cumin to be insular are only the extension of two valleys, the upper part of which has been destroyed; and such would be the state of the ports which flank the city of Valetta, if any circumstance should destroy the part of the island beyond Pieta and casal Nuovo.

Goza stands much higher than Malta, and is entirely surrounded by perpendicular rocks: the highest are to the west and south, where they are tremendously steep. The oppo-

* Villages.

site cliffs of Malta and Goza are correspondent; but though there are some valleys in the same direction as those of Malta, they do not afford any ports, on account of the height of the land, and its breadth.

The country is not so uneven as at Malta, consequently more easily cultivated; and it appears that the surface was originally nearly horizontal. The rock, however, is decidedly of the same nature in both islands, where are equally mountains, some single, some forming chains, the summits of which are for the most part flat. It is very evident that these summits made part of the original surface, when the whole was incrusted by a stratum of a harder heavier kind of stone of a closer grain, which is now never met with but in that elevated land, which corresponds with the inclination of the strata. The lower stratum is more or less consistent and hard, or more or less dissoluble when exposed to the air. Some strata are also formed of a black, ferruginous, calcareous sand, slightly stuck together by a kind of calcareous lime.

At the back of these rocks in Malta, and in the clefts of the mountains in Goza, are heaps composed of grey clay, evidently no native of the soil, and which must have accumulated since the excavation of those mountains. It is found in hollows, which no doubt were formerly entirely empty. The above-mentioned heaps but feebly resisting the force of water rushing impetuously down their sides, the constant cataracts have made deep furrows in them, and modelled them into their present form.

On summing up the preceding facts, the question may be fairly asked, from whence came the clay of Malta and Goza? How could it possibly have got over the craggy rocks of the latter island, unless they had both been formerly joined to a higher land, from whence this clay descended, or unless by an imperceptible declivity it had been driven by the sea into its present situation? Whence likewise came the red clay, a kind of virgin earth, which fills up the vertical clefts in the rocks? The water which formed these valleys must have been in great abundance, since it had sufficient force to wear away a rock, which, though not very hard, must still have offered some degree of resistance.

This island, such as it is at present, could never have produced such considerable torrents; for after the heaviest rains in winter there are scarcely more than some small temporary rivulets, and those in the lowest part of the valleys. The perpendicular rocks could not naturally have existed in a mass formed by the successive accumulation of sand from the sea. The same strata which we perceive in these rocks must have extended till they had met with a declivity, or a curve, to reconduct them to a level with the bottom of the sea. There cannot be a doubt but that the island of Malta made formerly part of a mountain, which had the same declivities and valleys on the other side. The rocks, its boundaries to the south, east, and west, could have been formed only by the falling-in and destruction of what made their sides, particularly as the sea is extremely deep at the basis of them. In the whole circumference of the three islands, evident marks of corrosion may be perceived. The rocks at some distance from the coast are the mere remains of that part which has been destroyed. In fine, the shape of these islands, all the local circumstances, and a variety of phenomena, decidedly prove that there must have been a great extent of land towards the south and west, and that it must have been destroyed by some very violent cause out of the common

course of nature. It appears that this destructive shock came from the west, and that it acted with the greatest force against every thing adjoining to the island of Goza. According to our knowledge of natural history, and the causes which produce such extraordinary effects, we can only attribute the present state of things to an immense body of water, which, being agitated by an earthquake, carried away the first land which it met with in its passage; by which means Goza is become of a circular form, and clefts are excavated at the foot of the rocks which offered most resistance; such as those which form cape San Demetri. It also destroyed that part of the mountain which united the three islands; and this inundation has stripped them of all vegetable earth, of which only some small patches remain in the clefts of rocks, where it was sheltered from the fury of the waves. The island of Goza was so situated as to defend Malta, and by that means the northern coast has not undergone such changes as the southern. A variety of observations made in Sicily and Italy prove that an extraordinary motion in that mass of water had taken place, and the most terrible effects were produced; but to enter into more minute particulars would interfere with the plan of this work.

LOVE REWARDED.

A Spanish History.

THE plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the most beautiful in the world. They are of a vast extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes, or Cordelier-mountains, to the sea; and are covered with groves of orange-trees and citrons, watered by many streams: one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean at Callao; which latter place is the scene of the following story.

To this city Don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from Old Spain. The father, having borne many high offices in Peru, died, much esteemed and honoured, rather than rich. The young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very violent passion for Donna Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the best port in the western world.

But though the young lady, who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affections, he met with an insuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexibility of the father; who, preferring wealth to every other consideration, absolutely refused his consent: and at length the unfortunate lover saw himself under the necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all beings, torn away for ever from all that he held dear.

He is now on board, in the port of Callao; the ship ready to sail for Spain; the wind fair; the crew all employed; the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing once more the place of their nativity. Amid the shouts and acclamations with which the whole bay resounded, Mendoza sat upon deck overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding those walls in which he had left the only person who could have made him happy. A thousand tender, a thousand melancholy thoughts possessed his mind.

In the mean time, the serenity of the sky is disturbed; sudden flashes of lightning dart across, which, increasing, fill the whole air with flame; a noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low and rumbling,

but growing louder, and soon exceeding the roaring of the most violent thunder. This was instantly followed by a trembling of the earth: the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up into the sky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The Cordeliers, the highest mountains of the earth, shook to their foundation, and bursting open, with a sound that appeared to portend a total dissolution of nature, deluged the subject plains with fire, and threw rocks of immense magnitude into the air. The houses, arsenals, and churches of Callao tottered from side to side, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Those who had not perished in this manner you might see; of every age and sex, rushing into the streets and public roads: but even there was no safety: the whole earth was in motion. Nor was the ocean less disturbed. The ships in the harbour were some of them torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up by the waves, some dashed on the rocks, many thrown several miles up into the land. The whole city of Callao, late so flourishing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared; being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in explosion, by minerals bursting from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities of spoils, of furniture and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating some leagues off at sea.

In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was perhaps the only person unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the deck of his ship, which was one of the few that rode out the tempest, frightened only for the destruction falling on his beloved Cornelia: and he mourned her fate as unavoidable; little rejoicing at his own safety, since life was now become a burden. After the space of an hour this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained her stability, the sky its calmness. He then beholds, close by the stern of his ship, floating upon an olive-tree, to a bow of which she clung, one in the dress of a female. He was touched with compassion: he hastened to her relief: he finds her yet breathing, and raised her up. How unspeakable was his astonishment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented, Cornelia! the manner of whose miraculous escape is thus recorded.

In this wreck of nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fishes were borne up into the mid land, and trees and houses and men into the deep, it happened that the fair Cornelia was hurried into the sea, together with the tree to which, in the beginning of the commotion, she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of that very ship which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind—the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tendernes; words cannot express them.

O, thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully was thy love rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair. Haste! bear with thee to thy native Spain thy inestimable prize! Return no less justly triumphant than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezuma, the treasures of a newly discovered world.

N. B. The above story, however marvellous, is grounded on real fact, and might appear incredible, if a parallel event had not happened before in one of our own colonies, at Port-Royal, in Jamaica. A person then preserved in the same wonderful manner returned to these islands, and lived here many years, well

known, and an object of great and just curiosity. See Philosophical Transactions, No. 209.

ACCOUNT *of the new Pantomime, called* HARLEQUIN'S MAGNET, *performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, on Monday, Dec.* 30.

NOR, a powerful sorcerer, has, with the assistance of infernal agents, made war upon the votaries of *Odin*, with a view to get into his possession the person of *Fylla*, a beautiful princes, of whom he is enamoured, but who detests him, and is contracted to *Harald*, a young knight, who loves and is beloved by her:—the sorcerer overcomes this youth, and orders him to be chained and exposed in a wild forest to the mercy of the climate, the pangs of hunger, and the rage of savage animals. The evil deities who assist *Nor* present him with a magnet, enclosed in an enchanted coffer, and tell him, that if he keeps it safe he may depend on possessing the person of *Fylla*: this promise deceives him by the very performance of it, for the princess herself is in the chest, in a state of supernatural insensibility; but the sorcerer, not being suffered to see the magnet, is left ignorant of its real worth and character, and seeks in vain for the prize he unknowingly has in his power. *Odin* and his celestial associates, indignant at the tyranny and temporary successes of the magician, deliver the captive, *Harald*, from the dangers of the forest, give him the form, and endue him with the power, usually attributed to the motley hero *Harlequin*, to the end that he may annoy and finally discomfit the plots of *Nor* and his wizard companions. *Harlequin*, by his skill and agility, overcomes the obstacles which lay in his way to the magic chest, and releases the princess from it, who takes the form of *Columbine*; while *Nor*, and his attendant, *Corbo*, are metamorphosed to the *Pantaloon* and *Clown*, as a punishment inflicted on them by their infernal masters, for losing the lady; and it is only by recovering her and vanquishing *Harlequin* they are to regain their proper shapes. After a routine of comic adventures, pursued through various parts of Russia, Siberia, and Crim Tartary, the lovers are once more placed at the mercy of their oppressor, and reconducted to his abode, when the vengeance of *Odin* overtakes the necromantic crew, encloses them in the coffer of the magnet—the hero and heroine are released, and their hands united in a splendid temple sacred to their great protector.

In the course of the pantomime there are a number of mechanical and scenic transformations, to detail which would considerably abate the effect they are intended to produce in the representation. The persons of the antient Scandinavian mythology are to be found in Mallet's Northern Antiquities. The scenery is very fine, and does much credit to the talents of the artists, Whitmore, Phillips, Hollogan, &c. The views of the palace of the sorceror, by Whitmore; of the city of Petersburgh, by Phillips; and of the Russian Garden, by Hollogan, are particularly fine and effective: nor are the representations of a Russian Fair and a Tartar Camp, by the latter artist, inferior to any thing of the kind we have for many years witnessed.

THE ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p. 472.*)

CHAP XLIX.

A RAY of that hope our heroine had long refused to cherish now sprung up in her heart; but although it warmed her care-chilled bosom, and gave her comfort, she feared to allow it too much influence, and checked its progress as it seemed to gather strength; but fervently breathed her silent aspirations to Heaven, that, whatever her fate might be, the fame of Urbino might be found immaculate: and now, under the equal dominion of hope and fear, her nervous system became so sensitive, she started at every noise, trembled at every sound, and with a palpitating heart sat in the painful expectation of some decisive explanation. But dinner-time at length arrived, and no intelligence from Urbino; neither did Matilda appear, who had for many preceding days dined with Victoria and her party in the apartment known to our reader as Sebastian's study. Politeness demanded that Matilda should be apprized of dinner's being ready. Roselia was dispatched to her apartment with the information, and soon returned with Matilda's excuse; who, overpowered by a recent important discovery, was unfit to appear in company, and wished to remain alone until she could resume her banished composure.

Victoria partook not of the meal that was set before her, nor did her anxious friends evince much appetite; and the moment Alphonso arose from table he proceeded to Sebastian's chamber, but was not admitted. Father Pierre had administered a potent soporific to Sebastian, to quiet his agitated nerves; and who, in consequence, was in a profound sleep, and Urbino watching by his pillow.

Octavia, at Victoria's request, went to offer her attentions to Matilda, whom she found much agitated, and still wishing to remain alone, but very grateful for Victoria's kindness, and to whom she sent an affectionate message, with an earnest entreaty to be allowed to see her ere her departure from the castle.

The evening passed heavily on in the apartment of our heroine, where expectation sat painfully awake, and each passing moment bringing disappointment with it; until towards its close, when the venerable Anselmo entered with a message from Sebastian to Victoria and Alphonso, requesting to see them in the morning. They promised to attend his summons, and the holy man retired without imparting a sentence relative to the late discovery; but in a few minutes after he was gone, the following billet from Urbino was delivered to conte Ariosto.

'The fatal, fatal blow this day given to my peace, with a recent wonderful and important discovery, totally unfit me for seeing you this night; but by to-morrow I hope to have recovered a little of that fortitude which has deserted me in the most trying moment of my life. To-morrow, then, I shall request that interview you promised me; when I trust that, although the envied name of brother is by my cruel destiny denied to me, you will own I can claim, without degrading you, the valued title of your friend.

'URBINO.'

A glow of the most animated pleasure illumed the fine countenance of Alphonso as he read this

billet, which he hastened to give Victoria, whose face, as she perused it, was suffused with the liveliest glow of joy and exultation. Her wishes were realised; and, whatever his situation with Matilda might be, the honour of Urbino would be proved unblemished. Now hope, in defiance of the cold efforts of reason, emanated through her breast, and her smiles were unconsciously robbed of their pensive sadness: but as upon the basis of hope alone this consolatory structure sprung, a sleepless night destroyed great part of the air-built fabric. Fear awakened doubt; and pale, languid, and unrefreshed, she arose from her pillow.

Scarcely had our heroine finished the form of sitting at the breakfast-table when the good Anselmo appeared, to conduct her and her brother to Sebastian, who was anxiously waiting to receive them. Victoria, leaning upon Alphonso's arm, with a bounding heart and tremulous steps measured her way to that well-known chamber, where the first object that now struck her view was the dejected Urbino seated by the easy chair of her venerable friend—Urbino, who had, at the peril of his life, rescued her in that very chamber from destruction. The tender feelings awakened by this remembrance at once subdued her, and, bursting into tears, she sunk into the nearest seat. Matilda, whom she had not before observed, now ran to her, and, throwing her arms around Victoria's neck, mingled her tears with hers; until, seeming suddenly to recollect herself, she suppressed her own tears, brought our heroine a glass of water, and then conducted her to Sebastian, who, sensibly affected, pressed Victoria to his bosom with paternal tenderness.

'My child! my preserver!' he exclaimed, the moment his excessive agitation would allow him to speak—'preserver of my house, of all my treasure! how can I find power to thank you?' Tears streamed down Sebastian's cheeks; and Victoria, greatly affected, entreated him to speak no more upon a subject too oppressive to his feeling heart: then, gently disengaging herself from his ardent embrace, she took a seat beside him, and, calling up all the energies of her mind, strove to appear composed. Sebastian gazed wistfully at her, then mournfully upon Urbino: at length he sadly said—

'When language was formed such actions as Victoria's were unknown, and words were not made to express the acknowledgment she merits: but, poor silly dotard that I am, I fondly thought she loved my boy, and that an union with him would be the highest recompence that Heaven could bestow upon a mortal; but this vain hope, like every other joy through life, my cruel unrelenting destiny decrees I must forego.'

'But, with all due submission to this implacable destiny of yours, my good seignor, we will not *quite* forego this hope,' said Alphonso, with an animated smile of fascinating benignity: 'hope shall plume upon my crest, determination and perseverance shall be my attendants, whenever his catholic majesty pays the just tribute to my superlative merit of raising me to the rank of generalissimo; and never will I raise a siege, or give up an attack, because a few paltry barriers impede my way.'

Urbino squeezed the hand of Alphonso with a grateful pressure; while Matilda, darting from the side of Victoria, caught his other, and

pressed it to her lips; then hastily let it drop, and, blushing at what her impetuous feelings urged her to, retired behind Sebastian's chair in pitiable confusion.

Victoria and Alphonso were affected by the action of one, and amazed at that of the other; while Sebastian, looking affectionately upon Alphonso, feelingly said—

'Not more in face and figure than in sentiments and manner do you resemble your noble father.'

'You then knew my father?'

'I did,' returned Sebastian with a deep-drawn sigh: then turning to Victoria, he continued—'I wished to see you before you went from hence, my child, to give you my blessing ere we parted, and to afford your noble, generous, feeling heart the transport of hearing all the blessings you have heaped upon your friend Sebastian. Heaven, knowing the powers of your mind, Victoria, assigned to you the arduous undertaking of rescuing an honourable family from the machinations of villany, of deadly diabolical vengeance, which for years pursued them with implacable severity, depriving them of peace, of hope, of every comfort under heaven! To you, then, we owe our lives, our restoration to virtuous society, to honourable rank. To you the happy father is indebted for the recovery of his children, of whom he was by cruelty bereft for twenty years! Yes, my beloved Victoria! to you I owe the transport of knowing I am not the desolate being I long believed myself—of knowing I am not childless—since this dear boy, this lovely girl, are mine.'

Tears, awakened by a variety of sensations, prevented Sebastian from proceeding; while Victoria, starting from her seat in violent emotion, caught his trembling hand, and with difficulty articulated—

'Theodore and Matilda *both* your children?'

'Yes,' replied Sebastian, '*both* my children, the children of my Viola.'

A momentary suspension stole over the faculties of Victoria, who fell into the arms of her watchful brother; but soon recovering, she beheld the almost agonished solicitude of Urbino, who, with Matilda, was using every restorative they could find for her recovery. She could no longer bear to see the wretchedness of Urbino; she reached out her hand to him.

'Forgive me,' she cried; 'forgive my injustice, my ingratitude. I threw a dark shade over the perfections of your mind;—I believed——' She could not proceed; but, bursting into tears, hid her blushing face upon the bosom of her brother. The emotions of Urbino's mind were too powerful to admit of his uttering a single word, but his eyes spoke eloquently.

'My good friends,' said Alphonso, hiding his sensibility under the veil of cheerfulness, 'I rejoice exceedingly at your both being, so opportunely for me, struck dumb; as it will allow me to take a speaking part in this most sublime drama, wherein I was beginning to feel the future generalissimo of Spain a mighty useless insignificant sort of personage: but now listen to my oration with all due respect and attention.—My friends and fellow citizens!—' and here, although playfully delivered, conte Ariosto sketched, with delicacy and precision, all the circumstances and motives which actuated his sister in her rejection of conte di Urbino.

Scarcely had Alphonso arrived at his concluding sentence, when the enraptured Urbino burst forth in an exclamation of admiration at this further proof of the purity of

Victoria's mind; for Urbino could not but approve the motives, although he had so severely suffered from the effects of her rectitude.

'Nay,' exclaimed Alphonso, affecting to look sulky: 'I shall never forgive this mortifying interruption to the first long speech I ever uttered. Now I shall never be able to take up the thread of my oration, wherein I was going to pourtray, in proper form and order, all the fair heroine's sufferings upon the heroic occasion; how many crystal tears she shed, how many deep-drawn sighs she heaved, how many sleepless nights she numbered; how suspicion, that discordant miscreant, stole too into her brother's mighty breast; how that magnanimous hero fumed, and how he fretted too; how sentimentally she fainted, how exquisitely she blushed, how pathetically she wept, and how—Donna Matilda, must not that come next? —how tenderly the reconciled lovers kissed, and were sworn friends for ever.'

'Victoria,' said Sebastian, whom the intentional rhodomontade of Alphonso allowed time to recall his firmness, 'my amiable, my beloved Victoria will no longer then, I trust, prove the destroyer of my dear boy's peace.'

Victoria, raising her head from the bosom of her brother, affectionately took the hand of Sebastian, and said, while the sweetest blushes of timid hope and joy animated her lovely countenance—

'Intercede, my dear seignor, with your son to forgive my injustice; and assure him that in giving pain to him I inflicted *misery* upon myself.'

Urbino caught her with ardor to his breast. 'Victoria, you then are mine!' Victoria could not speak: her cheeks were suffused with the sweetest t[illegible] of lovely modesty: her eyes sou[illegible] the ground; but she smiled, and that smile spoke volumes to the bounding heart of Urbino.

'Victoria yours! Not she indeed,' exclaimed Alphonso, endeavouring to hide how sensibly he was affected; 'for it was only yesterday she told me she would have your marriage annulled.'

'And to-day, my brother,' she timidly replied, 'I tell you that I would not have it broken for any other blessing the world could give me.'

'Nor Theodore, if I may augur from the manifesto of his joyful eyes, to be made emperor of the moon. Nor I, if I may trust the bounding ecstacy of my heart, to be made the husband of the infanta. Nor would seignor Sebastian, I think, have it broken to be instituted an inquisitor; nor donna Matilda, I am certain, to be made a nun. So, as we all agree upon being exquisitely happy at my sister's caprice, I trust the effect of that happiness may influence the recovery of seignor Sebastian, and enable us all shortly to reach Tuscany together.' Alphonso now changed from levity of manners, as he proceeded respectfully to address Sebastian.

'As the brother of Victoria, seignor, I must lay some claim to your esteem; and as her natural protector, I hope you will not think me presuming if I hasten to speak my wishes. My leave of absence from my regiment does not extend to a very distant period. I therefore am anxious to get to the castle of Palino, that I may be present at the nuptials of my sister, and have them celebrated there in the *palazzo* of her forefathers, in a manner becoming her rank and my affection for her; and when I have made my necessary arrangements in Tuscany (where I have not been since I became of age), when I can leave my Victoria

at Palino, safe in the protection of my estimable friend, her amiable husband, and in your society, seignor, and that of your lovely daughter, I shall return to my regiment, with nothing to think of but to acquire laurels and a truncheon.'

'And when you know who the happy husband of your inestimable sister is, my dear Alphonso,' said Sebastian with solemn and impressive dignity, 'I trust he will not lose a particle of that friendship which your noble heart and ardent temper are anxious to evince because you think him poor and friendless. Nor will my Victoria love her husband less, I trust, when she finds herself not united to Theodore conte di Urbino, the humble dependant and reputed nephew of conte di Vicenza, but to Orlando di Treviso marchese of Palermo, the heir of the long dormant title and usurped lands of Manfredonia;—nor look upon me with less affection, when she knows me for the earliest, dearest friend her father had;—when my beloved child hears, that in seeing me she beholds the unfortunate Lorenzo duca di Manfredonia, so long by the world numbered with the dead.'

Alphonso and Victoria, from the same intuitive impulse, sunk instantly upon their knees before him, and pressed his trembling hands with fervor to their lips, bathing them with tears of genuine sensibility; while they earnestly entreated a blessing from him whose memory, next to their own parents, they had been taught to love and venerate. Urbino and Matilda too sunk upon their knees to share in the solemn benediction of their agitated father, who, when he had tenderly and fervently blessed all these his children, requested them to leave him.

'All-subdued,' he said, 'by some of the most powerful emotions that can agitate the human breast, we require some little time to compose our amazed senses; to reflect upon the wonders, the mercies, of Providence, so lately evinced to us; and to recall that firmness necessary to support us through the afflicting, nay agonising, recital I have to make, and you to hear. Let us then all separate for a time. In the evening return to me, when to you, dear children of my matchless friend, I will relate the narrative of my calamities; disclose the wonders of that important packet Providence led our beloved preserver, our own Victoria, to find for us; and teach you the dreadful knowledge of the depravity of those your virtuous unsuspicious hearts so long respected.'

The wishes of the duca were instantly complied with by these his amiable and obedient children; and Victoria, alone and in her own chamber, delayed not to return a pious and fervent thanksgiving to almighty Providence for all its late and promised future blessings to her. She next joined her Ursuline in Sebastian's study, where she hastened to make the heart of her venerable friend as joyful as her own, by her happy communications. But their *tête-à-tête* was soon interrupted by our hero, who had in vain endeavoured to becalm his agitated spirits, and resolved at length, if he could not be composed, at least he would be happy; and to seek that society which he thought could only make him so, he entered Sebastian's study, with a heart full and a countenance expressive of very different sensations from those that agitated him when last he quitted it, and where, too, his reception now bore not much similitude.

The smiling graces, so long banished from Victoria's countenance, now gently glided back to their fascinating dimpled stations. The bright prospects so unexpectedly and

suddenly opened to Orlando (for as Orlando marchese of Palermo will our reader henceforth know him) animated too his face and conversation. Farinelli could scarcely believe that sickness, languor, and misery, had so lately been the companions of either. They talked of their present happiness, their past sorrows. Orlando recounted minutely his first beholding Victoria, and all his subsequent devices to obtain another and still another view; described most eloquently the progress of his attachment; the hopes and fears her conduct and emotions had from time to time inspired; and deeply engaged by the fascination of this (to them) interesting conversation, they wandered intuitively away from Farinelli into the library, from thence into the piazza, and at length into the garden, unconscious of the extent of their ramble or the flight of time, until Diego appeared to summon them to dinner. The most ardent joy sat conspicuous upon his intelligent countenance; while in a highly respectful manner he informed them that conte Ariosto had done him the honour of telling him why his lady's journey from Spain was postponed, and that he sincerely hoped their happiness might be equal to his joy.

Victoria and Orlando both, as if actuated by the same impulse at the same instant, reached out a hand to him.

'You will still follow our fortunes, Diego,' exclaimed they. 'You will not, my friend, regard me less when you behold me the wife of your beloved long-regretted favourite,' said Victoria.—'And you will now love me for my Victoria's sake, as well as for my own,' Orlando continued.

Diego [illegible]essed their respective hands with f[illegible]or to his heart, bowed profoundly, but could not articulate one word in all the long way he preceded them to the castle; at the entrance of which they were met by Roselia, who, with gestures strongly approaching to phrensy, offered her congratulations in the strange ungraceful mixture of half-articulated expressions of joy, with tears and smiles, sobs and laughter: and the gratulations of the good Alberti, Pierre, and Octavia, were also received with genuine satisfaction, because they sprung from the hearts of sincerity and friendship.

The ecstasies of poor Thomas, upon hearing of who his beloved captain Theodore really was, exceed our powers of description: he capered, sung, roared, shouted, huzzaed, winked, wept, and swore; trod on the toes of a dozen inquisitors; kicked the shins of half a score officials, in these his effusions of joy; and, in his sympathetic glee, hugged and kissed poor old Teresa so cordially, that he almost smothered her with his turbulent raptures.

As to poor Teresa, she wept for joy 'that her child, her lovely and beloved Theodore, was at last to be known for a grandee, and to be married to the most beautiful, amiable, and kind-hearted donna the sun ever shone upon.'

Early in the evening were the blushing Victoria and the enraptured half-abashed Orlando relieved from the teasing mirthful raillery of Alphonso, by a summon to the duca, whom they found sadly but interestingly collected and composed.—Quickly, as if fearing to lose that portion of firmness which his piety had gained for him, he entered upon the promised narrative; but which we shall ourselves take the liberty of relating, as we can, by combining other histories with that recounted by the duca, all equally necessary to elucidating many incidents in the fore-

going pages, rescue our kind reader from the tediousness of 'a twice-told tale.'

CHAP. L.

ANGELINA and Julia di Rossano were two of the most lovely women that Sicily ever boasted. They sprung from a noble though not affluent family; and at a period little advanced from infancy, these beautiful sisters had been bequeathed by their sole surviving parent (a bigoted mother) to the care of the abbadessa of a convent of Carmelite nuns at Palermo.

In obedience to the will of their deceased parents, they were educated for the conventual life; and their pious and faithful guardian determined, that at the age of eighteen they should each assume the sacred vow. So long initiated in the mysteries of a monastic life, they became completely weary of it by the time Angelina attained her sixteenth year; when she formally announced to her guardian her fixed determination against ever fulfilling the arbitrary will of her parent.

The pious mother was amazed, was shocked, was dismayed, at such impious, such dreadful disobedience. The holy fathers attached to that convent, all the ecclesiastics in Sicily, were appealed to. They thundered anathemas against the apostate girl, inflicted heavy penances, and bewildered her by all the perplexities of bigotry and ignorant theological controversy. Their displeasure and their penances, however severe, Angelina submitted to with the most philosophic resignation; nor could their elaborate disquisitions make the smallest impression upon her mind—probably because she could scarcely comprehend them. All she perfectly understood of the matter in question were her own feelings, which determined her to undergo every punishment the phrensy of the furious zealots might inflict, sooner than present herself a perjured votary at the altar of her Creator.

This extraordinary controversy between the ecclesiastic power and a girl of sixteen filled the city of Palermo with astonishment, and formed the favourite topic of disquisition at every *conversazioni* in the place. The youth, beauty, and fortitude of Angelina gained her universal partisans among the young, while the old expressed censures rather than admiration at her conduct.

The archbishop of Montreal was the only one among the Sicilian prelates who acted the liberal, upright, and unprejudiced adviser. He was a learned, just, and truly pious man; and his opinions were only understood and received with reverence by Angelina. With him she held long and frequent conferences; and at length, instead of his gaining a proselyte, Angelina convinced him of the propriety of the determination she had formed. His influence, which was great, was all exerted to hush the storms of bigotry against her. In a short time, by his means, the contest was given up: Angelina and Julia were to remain as boarders in the convent, under the protection of their guardian, but no compulsive measures were to be used to enforce their acquiescence in the will of their mother. Unmolested were they to continue there, and either to take the veil or not, as inclination might prompt them at a future period.

The marchese of Palermo, then in his twenty-second year, was one of the handsomest as well as the most fascinating men of his time. Such was his exterior:—but far infinitely far from estimable was his disposition; for he was profligate, capricious, violent in temper, prone to ex-

cess, and passionately fond of notoriety. At the house of his maternal uncle, the archbishop of Montreal, he several times saw the lovely sisters during this memorable controversy. The mild and interesting sweetness of the timid Julia charmed his fancy and captivated his heart; but the majestic, spirited Angelina was enrolled in flaming characters in the brightest records of fame. She was the admiration of all the young and gay at Palermo, and the palm of beauty had been adjudged to her from her sister by general consent. To wed Angelina would be exactly that kind of *éclat* his heart panted for. His name coupled with Angelina di Rossano's would indeed be notoriety. In vain did his heart whisper that he should be happier with Julia. Vanity was arbitrary, and affection disregarded. In the semblance then of all that was amiable and seductive he presented himself as the most passionate lover to the beautiful, ingenuous, and susceptible Angelina; who, completely deceived, bestowed upon him her tenderest affections, and very shortly after became his wretched wife.

Even before they arose from the altar the infatuation of vanity was past; for, while the archbishop of Montreal was piously pronouncing the nuptial benediction, the marchese looked upon the bewitching face of Julia, then animated as he had never before beheld it. She was breathing the most fervent aspirations for the happiness of her beloved sister. Alas! poor Julia had no presentiment that she was to prove the fatal bane to that happiness. From this moment the marchese considered his beauteous inestimable bride as the blighter of his peace. She became his detestation; and shortly after, when Julia bestowed her heart and hand upon a truly amiable young Englishman, lord Frederic Stanhope (the youngest of the then duke of Riversdale's sons), the phrensy of the marchese of Palermo's rage and envy broke through all bounds; concealment was no more; and he had the inhumanity to tell the dismayed Angelina that she was the destruction of his happiness, his detestation, his torment,—while his tenderest affections had been, from the moment of first beholding her, irrevocably devoted to her sister.

From that moment the thread of the marchesa's health was snapped, and the fire of her vivacity extinguished by grief and horror. The soul of lively graceful animation, that had inspirited all her actions, and made her the fascinating admiration of every circle, fled for ever. In one dreadful moment all of hope, of joy, of happiness, was wrecked. Not a complaint, not a murmur, broke from her lips; but misery found an everlasting mansion in her bosom. Her air became at once dejected. Sorrow and patience sat touchingly blended upon her brow; and her once so arch and playful smiles were now so mournful, yet so sweet and resigned, they called forth the spontaneous tear of sympathy; and her melodious voice was from henceforth attuned by the most melting tones of sadness.

The happy Julia was gone with her adoring husband to England: but even had she remained in Sicily, her society could now, alas! no longer prove a consolation to Angelina, who, before she attained her seventeenth year, had every comfort in life torn from her but the friendship of the archbishop of Montreal, and the maternal tenderness which her child, the infant Viola, called forth. The birth of this babe, the mother's only joy, gave additional force to the father's hatred. Influenced by his constitutional ca-

price, because his child was a daughter he wished for a son; and enraged at what he fancied a dreadful disappointment, he, in the injustice of his phrensy accusing his wife and child as the source of all his sorrows, banished them both from his house and protection; when, under the auspices of the amiable and benevolent archbishop, they took refuge in a Benedictine convent dedicated to St. Rosolia, a short distance from the city of Palermo, while the marchese continued to pass his time in a manner that sunk him lower and lower in the estimation of all good men.

The amiable archbishop undertook to superintend the education of this discarded child; and, with the assistance of her highly-informed and accomplished mother, and with proper aid from Palermo, this lovely plant of paternal hate was reared and brought to perfection before her unnatural father ever beheld her.

The family of lord Frederic Stanhope received Julia with civility, but never with cordiality. She was a foreigner, a catholic, and her fortune was small. The duke of Riversdale was avaricious, was national to illiberality, and believed the professor of every religion but his own must be devoid of virtue. Frederic was his favourite child: that partiality induced him to forgive his marriage, and receive his wife: but not even that partiality, nor Julia's perfections, could conquer his deep-rooted prejudices. Every individual of the family formed their conduct by his grace's: the lovely interesting Julia was no favourite amongst them: but the energy of her husband's character, and the high estimation his country held him in, enforced respect to his adored Julia from every person who approached her, so long as he was spared to protect her. But he had chosen the naval profession; his country often called him from his Julia: and in five years after their union he fell, crowned with laurels, conquering a force far superior to that which he commanded.

The affliction of Julia was proportionate to the tender affection she bore him, and the loss she sustained in being deprived of such a husband, such a protector; and the only consolation she had left prejudice threatened to tear from her. Her only surviving child, the little Clementina, it was decreed by the inflexible grandfather must be taken from her papist mother, and reared in the persuasion of her father. This was a fell blow to the already breaking heart of Julla. Her child to be taken from her and bred a heretic! and neither in this life nor the next could she more hope to behold her husband or her child! While her Frederic lived, happiness had prevented her reverting deeply to the horrors of future separation: but now he was gone, and she had not the hope to console her of future meeting. All the horrors of the catholic persuasion, in their belief of heretical perdition, now fastened upon her mind, shattered her frame, and tortured her heart to direst anguish. Her confessor was her adviser; and he had many counsellors among the bigots of his faith which London contained, by whom poor Julia was at length persuaded to forego the maternal transports of her child's presence, to ensure her eternal salvation.

The crafty priest secretly and dexterously conveyed the beautiful and engaging little Clementina, then in her fourth year, from the arms of her doting heart-broken mother to the city of Palermo, where he carefully delivered up his charge to the archbishop of Montreal, to whose protection Julia had confided her child. And in a few months after,

this amiable, lovely, unfortunate young woman fell, in the prime of beauty, a martyr to bigotry—friendless, forlorn, persecuted by her husband's family with increasing cruelty to enforce confession of the place of her child's concealment, and far from her native country, a return to which a dreadful interdict in her husband's will prevented; for in his professional excursions he had visited Palermo after his marriage, and had learned from the archbishop of Montreal the fatal cause of the unfortunate disunion of the marchese and marchesa of Palermo. The dreadful pang which such intelligence would inflict he spared his Julia, resolving during her youth, or the existence of the marchese, never to allow her to revisit Sicily: and to prevent her doing so, should she survive himself, he left in his will a solemn request to her not to visit her native country until she had attained her fortieth year. And as he forbore to assign any cause for this extraordinary request, Julia considered it only as inspired by a degree of that national prejudice so conspicuous in the rest of her Frederic's family; and although she would have given worlds to accompany her child to Sicily, to weep upon the sympathising bosom of her Angelina (who she had heard from others, but never from herself, was an unhappy wife), and to commit herself solely to the guidance of her revered friend the archbishop; yet she acquiesced without murmuring in a request that added, as she thought, affliction to her sorrows, but which in fact spared her the torturing pang of knowing she had, though innocently, caused her sister's misery.

The convent of St. Rosolia was also the asylum of the lovely interesting Clementina, to whom the good archbishop proved a kind and faithful guardian; while the affectionate heart of Angelina prompted her to bestow every attention, every endearment, upon Clementina that could possibly make up to her in any degree for the loss of that maternal tenderness she doubted not the sweet child would have received from her absent mother, for whom Angelina retained the most ardent and unalterable affection; for whose sorrows she wept the purest tears of sympathy—for whose alienation from her child, her country, and herself, she keenly mourned—and whose premature death gave a fell blow to her already tottering health, and to her agonised heart an endless source of grief.

Too well Angelina guessed the motive which actuated the will of the amiable lord Frederic Stanhope; and her feeling heart was wrung with anguish. To make up to the little Clementina that maternal protection and advantage she had been, though innocently, the cause of depriving her of, was now, alas! all that she had in her power to evince her affection by, to the memory of her beloved lamented Julia: and Viola herself was not an object of more tender solicitude than Clementina, whose lively and ardent disposition led her to return with fervor the tenderness of her aunt, and the affection of her cousin—between whom and herself a most pure and lasting friendship cemented, which grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Anecdotes
of the
RIGHT HON. LORD NELSON
OF THE NILE, K. B.

(Concluded from p. 642.)

ON the 19th of December, 1797, the ship that was intended for sir Horatio Nelson's flag not being

ready, the Vanguard was for this purpose commissioned. On the 1st of April, 1798, he sailed with a convoy from Spithead: but at the back of the Isle of Wight, the wind coming to the westward, was forced to return to St. Helen's. On the 9th he again sailed with a convoy to Lisbon; and on the 29th of April joined earl St. Vincent, off Cadiz.

On the 30th of April, the day following, sir Horatio Nelson was detached from earl St. Vincent, with the Vanguard, Orion, and Alexander, of 74 guns each, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and La Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war; and was afterwards joined by the brave captain Troubridge, of the Culloden, with ten sail of the line.

The subsequent actions of this great man's life are traced in such indelible characters on the hearts of Britons, that they need little from his biographer but the grateful tribute of admiration and respect. The interesting narrative of the proceedings of his majesty's squadron under the gallant admiral, from its first leaving Gibraltar to the conclusion of the glorious victory of the Nile, August the 1st, 1798, has been already published from the minutes of an officer of rank, who was present. To this some brief observations shall be added; with a correct detail of events subsequent to that glorious and ever-memorable day.

By my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head!
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young;
More daring, or more bold;
Hath grac'd this latter age with noble deeds!

SHAKSPEARE.

The consummate judgment with which the plan of attack was immediately formed and executed by rear-admiral Nelson, on an enemy's fleet moored in a compact line of battle—protected in the van by a battery, and flanked by four frigates, and many gun-boats—was worthy of the great and intrepid mind of this distinguished officer. He deservedly received the most public * and eminent praise:—his majesty, in the speech from the throne, styles it—This great and brilliant victory!

The French fleet was first discovered by captain Samuel Hood, of the Zealous; the action commenced at sun-set. The Goliath, capt. T. Foley, and the Zealous, captain Hood, had the honour to receive the first fire of the enemy. The shores of the Bay of Aboukir were soon lined with spectators, who beheld the approach of the English, and the awful conflict of the hostile fleets, in silent astonishment.

Sir Horatio Nelson, as rear-admiral of the blue, carried the blue flag at the mizen: but from a standing order of sir John Jervis, the commander in chief, the squadron wore the white or St. George's † ensign in the action; and it is remarkable, that this occasioned the display of the cross upon the renowned and ancient coast of Egypt.

A most animated fire was opened from the Vanguard, which ship covered the approach of those in the rear: in a few minutes, every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the Vanguard's deck were all down, killed or wounded; and one gun in particular was repeatedly cleared ‡. Sir Horatio Nelson was so resolved to conquer, or perish in the attempt, that he led

* Debrett's Debates, 1798, vol. vii. pages 4, 43, 51, 60, 65.

† The St. George's ensign is white, with a red cross; the first quarter bearing the Union.

‡ One of the midshipmen that fell in the Vanguard had but just remarked the escapes he had experienced; when a shot came, and cut him in two.

into action, with six ensigns or flags, viz. red, white, and blue, flying in dierent parts of the rigging: he could not even bear to reflect on the possibility of his colours being carried away by a random shot from the enemy.

According to the information we have been able to collect from the officers who were present, it appears, that the flag ship of admiral Brueys, L'Orient, was certainly subdued before she blew up: and we insert this, as an important fact; it was even the opinion of many that she had previously struck.

The severe wound which sir Horatio Nelson received was supposed to have proceeded from langridge shot, or a piece of iron: the skin of his forehead, being cut with it at right angles, hung down over his face. Captain Berry, who happened to stand near, caught the admiral in his arms. It was sir Horatio's first idea, and that of every one, that he was shot through the head. On being carried into the cock-pit, where several of his gallant crew were stretched with their shattered limbs and mangled wounds, the surgeon with great anxiety immediately came to attend on the admiral. 'No!' replied the hero; 'I will take my turn with my brave followers!'—The agony of his wound increasing, he became convinced that the idea he had long indulged of dying in battle was about to be accomplished. He immediately therefore sent for his chaplain, the rev. Mr. Comyns, and begged of him to remember him to lady Nelson; and having signed a commission appointing his friend the brave Hardy, commander of the Mutine brig, to the rank of post-captain in the Vanguard, admiral Nelson took an affectionate leave of captain Louis, who had come by his desire on board; and then with the utmost composure resigned himself to death.

When the surgeon came to examine the wound, it evidently appeared that it was not mortal: this joyful intelligence quickly circulated through the ship. As soon as the painful operation of dressing was over, admiral Nelson immediately sat down, and that very night wrote the celebrated official letter that appeared in the Gazette *. He came on deck just time enough to behold the conflagration of L'Orient.

Captain Benjamin Hallowell, of the Swiftsure, who had ever been on terms of the most intimate friendship with sir Horatio Nelson, finding his brother officers eager to outvie each other in sending various presents to the admiral, that had been made from the wreck of L'Orient, actually ordered his carpenter to make a coffin, solely from the wreck, both as to wood and iron. His orders were punctually obeyed; and one being finished with considerable elegance from the materials of L'Orient's main-mast, it was presented to the admiral with an affectionate and polite letter. Sir Horatio Nelson highly appreciated the present of his brave officer; and for some months had it placed upright in his cabin. At length, by the tears and entreaties of an old servant, the admiral was prevailed on to allow its being carried below: when he afterwards shifted his flag to the Foudroyant, and, in expectation of meeting the French fleet, the coffin was carefully conveyed on board.

Our limits only allow us, in the further prosecution of this interesting task, to give a correct summary of lord Nelson's life subsequent to his glorious Victory of the Nile.

On the 22d of September, 1798, he arrived at Naples, and was re-

* 'Almighty God has blessed his majesty's arms in the late battle, by a great victory,' &c.

ceived as a deliverer by their majesties and the whole kingdom. December the 12th, the blockade of Malta took place: on the 21st his Sicilian majesty and family embarked in the Vanguard, and were carried to Palermo in Sicily. In March he arranged a plan for taking the islands in the bay of Naples, and for supporting the royalists who were making head in the kingdom: this succeeded in every part. In May he shifted his flag to the Foudroyant, being advanced to be rear-admiral of the red; and was obliged to be continually on his guard against the French fleet. In June and July he went to Naples, and, as his Sicilian majesty was pleased to say, reconquered his kingdom, and placed him upon his throne. On the 9th of August lord Nelson brought his Sicilian majesty back to Palermo, having been upwards of four weeks on board the Foudroyant. On the 13th, his Sicilian majesty presented him with a sword most magnificently enriched with diamonds, conferred on him the title of duke of Bronte, and annexed to it the feud of Bronte, supposed to be worth 3000*l.* per annum. On the arrival of the Russian squadron at Naples, lord Nelson directed commodore Troubridge to go with the squadron, and closely blockade Civita Vecchia; and to offer the French most favourable conditions, if they would evacuate Rome, and Civita Vecchia; which terms the French general Grenier complied with, and they were signed on board the Culloden: thus a prophecy made to lord Nelson on his arrival at Naples was fulfilled, that he should take Rome by his ships.

Lord Nelson's character and military exploits may be put on a parallel with those of Agrippa, in a few words: eminent merit, attended with remarkable modesty. Like this Roman, he was victorious in both hemispheres, and with the fleets of France and Spain. Like Agrippa also, lord Nelson's glory was not confined to one element. He has triumphed both by sea and land. Agrippa could boast of the splendid trophies of the rostral crown, and the sea-green standard; lord Nelson could likewise boast of similar honours *. The same with which Virgil † has so beautifully distinguished Agrippa, in his description of a sea-fight, may be thus rendered and justly applied to lord Nelson.

Next with kind gales, the care of every god,
Nelson led on his squadron through the flood.
A naval crown adorn'd the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pour'd, amid the embattled foes!

The noble admiral's humanity in private life was long felt by the poor of Burnham Thorpe, and its vicinity. His firm and steady attachment to his friends was no less conspicuous than his benevolence and bounty to the poor, so far as he possessed the means of rendering service. Lord Nelson's character in the humble and private walks of life, like that of his professional one, will excite equal admiration: as Delany said of Swift, 'They will both bear to be reconsidered, and re-examined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellences, upon every examination.'

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* Alluding to lord Nelson's arms. *Navali rostrata corona.* The naval crown bestowed by the ancients, on such as had signalised their valour, in an engagement at sea, was set round with figures like the beaks of ships. The Roman admirals, after their death, had their sepulchres ornamented with sculptured rostral crowns, and festoons of sea-weed.

† Parte aliâ ventis et Diis Agrippa Secundis,
Arduus, agmen agens; cui, belli insigne superbam,
Tempora navali fulgent rostrata coronâ.
ÆN. lib. viii. l. 682.

Presents to Lord Nelson, for his services in the Mediterranean, between Oct. 1, 1798, and Oct. 1, 1799.

From his king and country, a peerage of Great Britain, and the gold medal.	
From the parliament of Great Britain, for his own life, and two next heirs, per annum..........	£. 2,000
From the parliament of Ireland, not exactly known, but supposed to be the same as given to earl St. Vincent and lord Duncan, per annum.....................	1,000
From the East-India company....	10,000
From the Turkey company, a piece of plate of great value.	
From Alexander Davison, esq. a gold medal.	
From the city of London, a sword of great value.	
From the captains who served under his orders in the battle of the Nile, a sword.	
From the Grand Signior, a diamond aigrette, or plume of triumph, valued at	2,000
From the same, a rich pelice, valued at	1,000
From the Grand Signior's mother, a rose, set with diamonds, valued at	1,000
From the emperor of Russia, a box, set with diamonds, and a most elegant letter, value......	2,500
From the king of the Two Sicilies, a sword richly ornamented with diamonds, and a most elegant and kind letter...............	5,000
Also the dukedom of Bronte, with an estate, supposed per annum	3,000
From the king of Sardinia, a box set with diamonds, and a most elegant letter.................	1,200
From the island of Zante, a gold-headed sword and cane, as an acknowledgment, that had it not been for the battle of the Nile they could not have been liberated from French cruelty.	
From the city of Palermo, a gold box and chain, brought on a silver waiter. Also the freedom of the city of Palermo, which constitutes him a grandee of Spain.	

LORD NELSON'S WILL.

The following is an abstract of the last will and testament, and codicils thereto annexed, of lord Viscount Nelson, as proved in the Commons by his executors, earl Nelson and William Haslewood, esq. on Monday the 23d of December, 1805.

Horatio Viscount Nelson, of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and duke of Bronte, in the kingdom of Farther Sicily.

First.—In the event that he shall die in England, he desires to be buried in the parish church of Burnham Thorpe, unless his majesty shall signify it to be his pleasure that he shall be buried elsewhere.

Gives the sum of 100*l.* to the poor of the several parishes of Burnham Thorpe, Sutton, and Morton, in the county of Norfolk, viz. one third part to each parish: the same to be divided at the discretion of the curates or ministers.

Gives to Emma lady Hamilton, widow of the right hon. sir Wm. Hamilton, K. B. his diamond star, as a token of his friendship; also the silver cup which she presented to him.

Gives to his brother, the rev. Wm. Nelson, D. D. (earl Nelson), the gold box presented to him by the city of London; also, his gold sword, presented to him by the captains who fought with him at the Nile.

Gives to his sister Catherine Matcham the sword presented to him by the city of London.

Gives to his sister Susannah Bolton the silver cup presented to him by the Turkey company.

Gives to A. Davison, of St. James's-square, esq. his Turkish gun and canteen.

Gives to his worthy friend captain Hardy all his telescopes and sea glasses, and 100*l.*

Gives to each of his executors 100*l.*

Gives to his brother, and William Haslewood, esq. of Craven-street, Strand, all the residue of his goods, chattels, and personal estate (ex-

cept the household goods, &c. which shall be in his house at Merton, at his decease, and also except his diamond sword and jewels, and any other articles which he should, by any codicil to his will, otherwise dispose of), to hold to them and their executors and administrators, upon the trusts following, namely—Upon trusts, that his said trustees and executors shall, as soon as may be, after his death, convert into money such personal estate as does not consist of money, and lay out and invest the same in the purchase of 3 per cent. consols, and also the money which shall belong to him at his death, so that the dividends and interest may produce the clear yearly sum of 1000*l.* of which they shall stand possessed, upon trust, that, during the life of Frances Herbert, viscountess Nelson, his wife, his said trustees do, and shall, fully authorise and empower the said viscountess Nelson, his wife, and her assigns, to receive the dividends, when the same shall become due, in addition to all other provisions made by him at any time heretofore for her, and in addition to the sum of 4000*l.* lately given her; which sums to be taken in lieu and satisfaction of all dower, and right and title of dower, of her the said viscountess Nelson. And in case the annual income to be produced from the bank annuities, to be purchased with the residue of his personal estate, shall be insufficient to answer and pay the sum of 1000*l.* a year, then the deficiency to be made up to his wife, out of his barony, town, and lands, in Farther Sicily; so that his said wife may be entitled to receive a clear income of 1000*l.*; and, after the decease of his said wife, to divide the said 1000*l.* unto the said William Nelson, Susannah Bolton, and Catherine Matcham.

CODICIL.

I, Horatio viscount Nelson of the Nile, of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and duke of Bronte in the kingdom of Farther Sicily, having, to my last will and testament, which bears date on or about the 10th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1803, made and published a codicil, bearing date the 13th day of the same month, do make and publish a further codicil to the same last will and testament in manner following:—That is to say, I give and bequeath to miss Horatio Nelson Thompson (who was baptised on the 13th day of May last, in the parish of St. Mary-la-bonne, in the county of Middlesex, by Benjamin Laurence, curate, and John Willock, assistant clerk (and who I acknowledge as my adopted daughter), the sum of 4,000*l.* sterling money of Great Britain, to be paid at the expiration of six months after my decease, or sooner if possible; and I leave my dearest friend Emma, lady Hamilton, sole guardian of the said Horatio Nelson Thompson, until she shall have arrived at the age of eighteen years, and the interest of the said 4,000*l.* to be paid to lady Hamilton, for her education and maintenance. This request of guardianship I earnestly make of lady Hamilton, knowing that she will educate my adopted child in the paths of religion and virtue, and give her those accomplishments which so much adorn herself, and I hope make her a fit wife for my dear nephew, Horatio Nelson, who I wish to marry her, if he proves worthy in lady Hamilton's estimation of such a treasure, as I am sure she will be. Farther, I direct that the legacies by this my codicil, as well as those by my last will and testament, given and bequeathed, shall be paid and discharged from and out of my personal estate only, and shall not be charged, or chargeable, upon my

real estates in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Farther Sicily, or any or either of them, or any part thereof. In all other respects, I ratify and confirm my said last will and testament and former codicil. In witness whereof, I, the said Horatio viscount Nelson, and duke of Bronte, have to this codicil, all in my own hand-writing, and contained in one sheet of paper, set my hand and seal this sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three. (Signed)

NELSON and BRONTE.

Signed, sealed, and published by the right hon. Horatio viscount Nelson, duke of Bronte, as and for a codicil to his last will and testament, in the presence of
GEORGE MURRAY, first captain of the Victory.
JOHN SCOTT, secretary.

Lord Nelson, in his will, has directed, that if it shall please his sovereign to grant a continuance of his pension of one thousand pounds per annum to lady Nelson, that the direction in his will to raise a sum of money to be vested in the funds, to pay her ladyship an annuity of one thousand pounds per annum, shall be void.

A codicil, in his own writing, directs, that one hundred pounds per annum be paid to the widow of his brother Maurice.

The last codicil annexed to his lordship's will is dated in September last, and gives to lady Hamilton all the hay on his estate at Merton.

His lordship has given full power to his trustees to dispose of or exchange the whole of his Italian estates.

A NOONTIDE WALK

IN DECEMBER.

By J. M. L.

FOR about ten days I had breathed the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis, had paced its dirty pavement, had been dinned with its eternal bustle, when the fifth day of December arrived; a day set apart to return thanksgiving to the Almighty Disposer of the affairs of men, for the glorious, and in history unexampled, victory of Trafalgar—a victory inspired and gained by the genius of the now immortal hero, Nelson; whose mortal part fell, a lamented tribute to the glory of his beloved country, ere the hard-fought contest had ended!

The morning rose in smiles, as if to grace the holy day, and call forth the inhabitants of this great city to celebrate with sacred joy the great occasion; to pour forth, in their respective places of worship, effusions of heartfelt gratitude and thanks to Heaven, for the splendid success of the glorious battle; not unmixed, however, with a mournful memento of the work of death on that great day, which almost every congregation, of whatever sect or description, displayed in their munificent contributions for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who fell, and for the wounded seamen. If 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins' (and who is there that doubts it?) Great Britain, of all other countries, may pre-eminently lay claim to that divine prerogative.

I had, a day or two before, received an invitation to dine with a friend some distance from town; and that I might have an opportunity of going to church previously, I dressed early, and set off, intending to take the chance of a seat in some place of worship in my way. In almost every street I met those gallant defenders of their country, the volunteers, marching to church; thus adding to the character of soldiers, that of pious and religious men. At length I entered the parish-church of Saint Clement Danes, in the Strand; where, after an appropriate

discourse, but sadly interrupted, by the rattling of carriages along the street, the following pleasing anthem, tributary to the memory of lord Nelson, was excellently performed by some amateur singers in the organ loft :

Round the hapless hero's urn
Be the cypress foliage spread :
Fragrant spice profusely burn,
In grateful mem'ry of the dead.

Let an angel's heavenly form
Protect the vase his ashes bears;
Truth, in living sorrows warm,
Pay a mourning nation's tears.

Fame, his praise upon thy wing,
Through all the world his valour tell—
In the service of his king,
In his country's cause, he fell.

After leaving my mite in the plate, I bent my course towards Islington, much pleased with the fineness of the day overhead, though a good deal annoyed by the great quantity of dirt under my feet ; but even this, though execrated by the casual passenger, is a source at once of profit and pleasure : the sweepings of the many acres London stands upon create a superfluity of manure, that contributes in a great measure to the beautiful luxuriance of the country for ten miles around it, and increases in an extraordinary degree the harvest both of hay and corn.

Having passed Islington, I soon discovered that I was breathing a purer air : the gravel path, too, was much cleaner than the pavement I had left ; silence had succeeded to noise, and the mind recovered its tranquillity : yet, alas! nature exhibited but a poor picture to cheer it.—

'No peeping primrose palely glow'd
From nature's mossy bed ;
No meads with scented sweets were strew'd;
No cowslip rais'd its head.'

Not a leaf was to be seen on any of the trees, save the evergreen holly, which here and there, in a garden, gladdened the eye with its dark-green leaves and brilliant berries. The following lines, which I met with lately, struck me as being peculiarly descriptive of the season :

'But when Winter, fiercely frowning,
Rudely grasps the torpid year,
Torrents Nature's beauties drowning,
Nought of verdure's left to cheer.

'Vernal loveliness decaying,
Leaves in triumph frost to reign :
Lambs forget their summer's playing;
Not a flow'ret decks the plain.

'Birds forget the notes of pleasure:
Some have fled to milder shores.
Robins ask the peasant's treasure,
Whilst the wind tempestuous roars.

'Thus the scene of nature shifting
Chills the heart, and prompts the sigh.
Fallen snow in heaps is drifting;
Desolation hovers nigh.'

As I proceeded, not a feathered chorister's note saluted my ear, except the humble robin's, whose sweet but feeble song was chaunted from a shed by the road side ;—it was a tributary lay to the God of nature. 'Sweet bird!' I ejaculated, 'how unlike the *reasonable being* man art thou! He, when any disagreeable change in the season sours his temper, almost impiously vents his dissatisfied ideas ; whilst thou, who hast far greater reason to complain, seemest, in the midst of this season of sorrow, to sweeten thy solitude with a song, thankfully addressed (for so I would fain think it) to the Source of life, to the Father of the fatherless.'

My walk was rather a long one, and as I approached my friend's house it was just three o'clock ; the sun began to lose its lustre, a dense mist was already beginning to collect, and by looking at Phœbus through this medium, he seemed to increase in size, and his colour became much redder. The cold increased, and I found the warm fire of my friend, with the warm welcome he gave me, very gratifying ; and I

thought, as I set myself down amidst a circle of chosen friends, that my noontide walk in December, though the last, was the most pleasant of the year, as it had led me to the fireside of friendship, unalloyed by worldly hypocrisy. I could thus have apostrophised—Selected and chosen ones of my heart,

'In friendship's sacred vest array'd,'

accept the wish that is prompted by pure affection: may you never be subject to the heart-rending pangs occasioned by the desertion of any one on whom you have relied for friendship! but, if that should ever unhappily be the case, spurn the recollection of such a man:—

'Live! and repine not o'er his loss;
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hadst mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.'

May peaceful pleasure ever spread around you its delightful calm, and mild content be your soft companion on the pillow of repose! and whilst

'Humanity's train ever wait at your door,'

may the plenty that reigns within be undenied to the wandering 'son of many sorrows!' May the goddess of health wave her wand over the roof of your habitation! but should the fiends of pain and sickness overpower Hygeia's blest controul, soon may the 'God of your fathers,' with merciful hand, raise your afflicted spirits, and give health again to bless you!—

'May want fly the mansion where in you reside!
May your hearts never know the base impulse of pride!
May religion's mild dictates inspire you with peace!
May the years as they roll to your stores bring increase!
May you ne'er know the sorrows which mis'ry attend!
May you always be blest in the wish of your friend!'

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the following observations on a vegetable plant of China may not be uninteresting to some classes of your readers, I beg leave to solicit its insertion in your valuable and justly esteemed Miscellany.

The areka or surrapi of China is used among the Chinese by wrapping it in the leaf of the betel or paung leaf, a shrub similar to the woodbine, or ivy, of England, which encircles itself round the areka tree, a species of palm that generally attains the height of thirty or forty feet, perfectly straight, of the circumference of a full-grown poplar, with protuberant rings on the bark, at equal distances; possessing no branches but at the head, where it spreads itself, and to them is suspended the fruit, or nut, of the areka, erroneously termed *beetle* nut, enveloped in an outward coating consisting of numerous filaments, in size about an English walnut, but more conical. This husk is not unlike in its structure to the rind of a cocoa-nut, but more soft and pliable. I imagine it is either in quantity insufficient, or that its succedaneum is found in the bark of other trees which is more profitable, to convert into paper, which the Chinese manufacture from almost every species of cortical vegetable.

The properties of the areka are unparalleled as an extreme beautifier and eminent preserver of the teeth: its strong astringency gives them strength, and it is indisputably the finest antiscorbutic known. I have seen many Europeans that have had the most indifferent teeth, and who were frequently troubled with that tantalizing affliction the tooth-ach, who by a short residence in India, where they have constantly accus-

tomed themselves to its use, have been permanently relieved, and the appearance of their teeth improved wonderfully: even the most offensive breath has been overcome, as it possesses one of the most incomparable odours I have either met with in China, the Moluccas, or the whole peninsula of Hindostan. I may perhaps be considered too sanguine or partial in my praise of this vegetable, yet I feel confident that no one who is acquainted with it will correct my statement in any manner unfavourable to the description I have given of it. It is to be regretted this has not long since been a principal article of importation, so highly and so justly as it is esteemed in China. Yet in Europe it is in fact scarcely known. It may perhaps be considered in this country extraordinary, since its virtues are so great, when I mention, that it is notwithstanding neither cultivated among agriculturists nor private gentlemen. In India it is the promiscuous inhabitant of every wood or jungle, and, like many of our most valuable herbs, grows spontaneously in the fields unheeded or disregarded but by the herbalist or botanist. The saliva that is produced by chewing this nut is of the most beautiful red the eye can either witness or the imagination conceive; and were there a possibility of extracting the dye, its richness would be unexampled, and displace those that are now held in the highest consideration. But the colour of this nut is only imparted in its green state: when it becomes hardened it neither will disclose this valuable property to aqueous, spirituous, nor oily menstruums; and no means which I have as yet been made acquainted with are capable of success. I have heard of its being infused, after levigation, in spirits, and acting as a great corroborator of the stomach, and facilitating digestion. As a styptic medicine, it may not be inferior to the best Peruvian bark. It is perfectly tasteless, otherwise than the aromatic effluvia which arise after it is chewed.

From the circumstance of the betel growing round the areka tree we may attribute the cause of the leaf of this vine being wrapped and chewed together with the areka nut; as if nature indicated the propriety of blending them, in order, as it is perfectly known, to correct the predominant bitterness of the betel by the aromatic flavour of the areka. The anodyne qualities of the former render it a peculiar favourite of the natives: its intoxicating nature procures alleviation to the poor distressed Indian, softens the acuteness of poignant reflection, and delights the imagination with every Utopia of bliss; no wonder then that these inoffensive associates of human society should seek a softener of their cares which nature has so judiciously and humanely allotted them in the recluses of their country. In no quarter of the earth has Providence omitted to scatter its beneficence. It has every-where provided an asylum for the afflicted, a solace to the oppressed, and the means of comforting and exhilarating human nature under the severest trials.—The areka nut is most frequent in the countries of Siam, Molucca, Cambodia, and Cochin China. It is more prolific along the eastern coast of the bay of Bengal, and flourishes in the neighbouring isles of Sarmatia, Pulo Pinang, &c. The East-India company purchase the ammonium, a measure of 20000 arekas, or about 260 pounds weight, for about 2000 fettees, equal in cash to nine shillings and sixpence English; although individuals pay equivalent to threepence a pound. The betel is cultivated in

most parts of India, and not dissimilar to the growth of hops; the leaf approaching the laurel, and the blossom the pear: it forms a pretty appearance, and the leaf, with the areka and chunam (a lime produced from calcined shells), furnishes one of the greatest luxuries in the whole Eastern empire. It is ranked among the elegances of life, is every-where presented as the first offering of friendship, and considered in every station as the emblem of the highest respect.

The soil most adapted for the culture of the betel is a rich loam, or heavy clay; and, like the manchineal of Barbadoes, it skirts the coasts of the ocean. It may not be perhaps irrevelant here to take notice of a circumstance of the manchineal not less singular than that of the betel in attaching to the areka, and forming to each other an equilibrium that corrects the too potent qualities contained in them separately, that might otherwise defeat the end for which they were designed. In every place where the manchineal grows, it is accompanied by a protective plant, that affords a juice which searches the progress of the poison, and secures the unfortunate person from becoming its victim. In like manner, the rattlesnake root is a safe antidote against the bite of that reptile. The value of the nut, when it has been to be purchased in this country, is from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings a pound, and when properly calcined and levigated produces not more than from three to four ounces. Their goodness is distinguished by their being free from holes, or any appearance of grubs having inserted themselves; their pale colour; and, when broken, being clear and thickly marbled with red, purple, or dark veins. They will run in number from seventy to eighty in the pound avoirdupois. For a more detailed account I refer my readers to the Encyclopædia, Raynel's Indies, Fenning, Pomet, Grose, &c. If my suggestion in recommending it as a commodity worthy of enlarged importation be accepted in the opinion of any India adventurer, I shall feel satisfied in having been the promoter of an article which, from my experience of its qualities, entitles it to every attention of the philosophical and commercial branches of society; and it will procure to me the greatest pleasure should it prove beneficial in any other manner than that which I have stated.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
C. CRANFURD HUTCHINSON.

Seymour-street,
Dec. 9, 1805.

ELIZA.

A FRAGMENT.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

'WHEREFORE is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul?' 'Beat less, thou panting, troublesome thing!—lie still a while, and let me breathe more freely. Alas, it cannot be! This heart will never cease to throb with misery unutterable; these eyes to weep an everlasting stream: but yet, although it is so, whoever guesses at Eliza's silence? If chance she speak, her tones are those of cheerfulness; her smiles are frequent, and they tell her comforts: her eyes contentment beam, and these sad feelings are fast locked up and hid within her breast.'

Thus said the dejected youthful Eliza, as pensive walking in the noon-day. Then her eyes with wonder wandered to the heavens, whose

beams enlivened all the country round, and warmed the fair-one's bosom, much too tender for bleak October's keenly-piercing air.

'How changed the scene!' resumed the youthful maid. 'How sad and rainy has it lately been! How beauteous now smiles forth this pleasing day! Scarce clouds are seen even of a silver hue; the glorious sun shines forth, diffuses his happy influence, and nature hails his ever-welcome sight. This hour of light to all around illumines not my soul: a wretch, the veriest on earth, I tread and breathe. Hope, the chief comforter to unhappy being, has fled me quite, nor can my fancy suggest one method to recal the traitor: one Power alone can bid my sorrow rest. On *him* I call, to *him* address my wish, in vain. Purposes unknown to mortals restrain his just and powerful arm; and poor Eliza lives, and lives in woe!' Thus saying, to a church-yard appearing in view she bent her steps, and, leaning over a grave, pronounced a prayer fervent and devout; then, sinking on a tomb, gave way to tears of anguish and despair. 'Here sleeps my comfort!' softly spoke the maid: 'here lies the brave, the noble, and the good! Unhappy those who look with horror round on the cold mouldy bed, designed for them when life shall be no more! Not so with me. I grieve; I rest not on so smooth a pillow, suited to the weary head that, busy with the cares of fortune's changes, longs for the period to arrive when those thoughts shall be lost in a sweet trance from which there shall be no awaking. But hark!——Whence come those sounds seraphic, which seem more than mortal!—They are from yon lofty building. O my God! can I express how much I feel their power?——Angels seem hovering over the lovely sounds, and join in concert with their heavenly voices.—Ah, yes! imagination speaks that cherub smiling in robes of splendour glorious light, flitting unseen around the delightful harmony produced by skill unrivalled, only boasted by the fair maid who plays, and who called him cousin.—Ah me! who comes this way? Maria! 'tis Maria!'—'Come to my house, my friend! What are you doing?' exclaims the mild intruder. 'O Eliza! involved in error, will you ever live: quick, quick away! I see you have wept. This scene of death, this gloomy looking sepulchre, I fear, speaks forcibly the fear of *fate*.'

'Alas, my good Maria! I am strangely altered: well may you gaze and sigh, and sighing own how lively once but now dejected grown is this poor form for which you feel such friendship. Revered lady! next to my heart is that sad image cherished to my ruin: trust me, these wan and dismal-looking symptoms are the forerunners of an heavenly calm.—Ah! frown ye on me? Oh, ye pitying powers, speak to that bosom one kind soft emotion of mildness and forgiveness to her friend!' Here she let fall a quick and burning tear, which caused a reproachful look from good Maria, but inwardly a pang of heartfelt grief.—'Eliza! oh, my child!' exclaimed she warmly, 'by fits and starts you only speak your woe. It is cherished in the silence of your bosom, gnaws your vitals, and destroys your life.—Tell me the cause, my love! unlock your mind; let me at least possess the power to speak some comfort to your drooping heart, and trust me you will find no cause to feel repentance.'

'Ah, my dear madam! can I refuse you any thing?—No—no: then let me hasten over these gloomy moments, that thus destroy my hap-

piness and life. About two years since, at Y——th, where lately we resided, I was visited by H——m, a young man whom I had long known, but not seen for some time. He was five years my elder, much grown, and vastly improved. He was tall, well proportioned, and graceful; his eyes a lovely blue, whose brows were like his hair, the palest brown, or sandy colour: his complexion was fairer than that of most men, but sufficiently sanguine to look healthy; his address was easy and entertaining; his glances were intelligent and lively; in short, he was a very fine youth, and boasted a heart the seat of virtue and every generous feeling—Charming countenance! that faithfully spoke his goodness, mild, smiling, and amiably beaming his social feelings, was it not much more interesting than a fiery set of features, and a livelier complexion?—so fair and mild, so heavenly and pleasing! He shortly noticed me: he pressed my hand, gazed on my face, while in accents of tenderness he endeavoured to make me understand that he saw and loved. I blushed, cast down my head, took away my hand, and gently pushed him back; but, grown more bold, he caught me to his breast, and called me 'his loved, his charming Eliza!' declaring nothing should satisfy him but a kiss from the beautiful coral lips that were so inviting. Oh, Maria! his tender endearments left too pleasing an impression on my heart. He had made me acquainted with a former passion which he had entertained for the lovely incomparable miss G*****d, some time deceased. By many I was said to resemble this lady, ere he told me of his love for her. I had spoke to him of the likeness: perhaps in some measure his attachment was founded on that idea; for ofttimes, in tones of throbbing tenderness, he would exclaim I was his second Sophia, and, pressing me in his arms, bless me, and wish me every happiness that the Almighty could bestow. You know he belonged to this place, and of course his stay was short at Y——: he left it with sorrow, and promised soon to return and see me. He did so—he flew to me on wings of love, with looks that bespoke him constant. I blushed and hung my head at his ardent glances, drew back, and tried to escape him; but seeing my intent, he plainly told me he was determined I should not quit his side, as he would follow me to any part of the room. He chatted, laughed, and sung to amuse me. The song he remarked as worthy my attention was the Thorn. Ah, madam, he meant, when he spoke, that he was determined never by word or deed to distress and plant in my bosom a thorn. Overwhelmed with confusion, I inwardly resolved to check his hopes; and this I had an opportunity of doing the next day, by the following circumstance. He brought me a present of sweetmeats, and requested me to eat. I refused in a positive manner; and, to his infinite mortification, would not alter my resolution: indeed all intreaties were vain, as my determination proceeded from the cause I have mentioned. But to soften matters, I consented before he quitted me to dress in the charming blue gown he so much admired. When retired, I repented of giving him pain on so unnecessary an occasion, and dropt a tear of repentance for my conduct. In this humour I met him the next day, and then accepted his proffered presents, and returned conciliating expressions. But the time now came for him to leave me. I wept, unrestrained by his presence; and, charmed with such evident proofs of my esteem, he folded me

to his bosom; told me, in a low but expressive tone of voice, how much he wished he were so situated as to spend his time how and where he pleased; how very ardently he desired my presence; what dejection my tears caused him to feel; and finally, that I need not fear soon of seeing him at Y———.

His absence was a dagger to my heart. I drooped and faded; tears of anguish bedewed my pillow, and the day fled away unuseful, unemployed. In vain it was that I reflected on his love, his faithfulness: reliance might certainly be placed on those; but as yet he was not in a situation of life to support a wife, nay might not be so for years to come, and in that time what could not occur? incidents probably to separate our affections for ever! The absence of years would most likely cause a change in him, and I should ever have to mourn an eternal separation from the dearest object on earth. Very soon he wrote to me in a tender style, inclosing some lines written by him and addressed to me. The enthusiastic passion that breathed throughout charmed me, and I was hurt to think I had ever supposed him capable of forgetting me. But to be short, my dearest madam—he came to see me very often, and every time gave increased proofs of his regard. Often would he take my infant sister on his lap, and, pressing her to his bosom, say how much he should love her where she mine; then, sighing, kiss her, and put her on her feet.—I observed with pain he would indulge a serious thought too frequently; for repeatedly after fixing his eyes intently on me he would sink into forgetfulness, nor be conscious of his mysterious silence till I called on his name and made some enquiry. These strange emotions were first produced by my parent declaring her intention of removing to town, which he never heard mentioned but he exclaimed against it; but finding her positive he ceased to contradict, though he declared to me he could not bear residing so far distant from me. I smiled, and sported with his tenderness: when, looking melancholy, he suppressed the rising sigh, and, putting one arm round my waist to fasten me to my seat, took my hand in his, and said, in a manner I could not understand—'Well, since it must be so, Eliza, we can write our meaning in future: we shall easily understand each other, no doubt, and then our purpose is answered as much as if we oftener met.—But I'll see you again,' he cried, after a pause while waiting an answer, which I was too confused to give. 'I'll come in the course of two months; though still I entertain hopes of a change in your mother's sentiments.' Then, sporting with my hair and fingers, he told me he meant to take me away with him the next time he came; he would not visit Y——— so often for nothing.

As he wished, an occurrence prevented our removal; and the dear youth, transported with joy, came over to partake with me the brightened scene, our happy prospects. He did all in his power to amuse me; laughed, chatted, and sung; nay, chaunted verses in which the name of Eliza was found, made undoubtedly by himself, and hung enraptured over me the while, examining with scrutinising glances my glowing countenance, hoping to read there my inward feelings. Hurt by his pleasurable looks, I grew reserved, and tried to change his opinion of my heart: in some measure it served to make him pensive, and less tender. But when we met again he flung aside his indifference; for, seating himself as close as possible to *me*, he spoke to *me*, and *me* alone; folding me to his breast in

a moment of opportunity, and imprinting the kiss of forgiveness on my lips:—then, releasing me, he spoke in the softest tone, held my hand fast locked in his the while, and looked full of anxiety for my forgiveness. Charmed with his behaviour, I forgot to check his advances, but suffered him to take me in his arms again and again, till casting up my eyes to his face, his evident delight struck me. He sees my foolish passion, thought I; in a little time he will despise me for yielding my heart so readily, and cease to esteem the prize he has gained. I tore myself from his embraces, abusing him for being so familiar with my person, and begging he would cease to style me his dear and his darling. Suffice it, that my language surprised and mortified my Henry. He left me rather abruptly—left me unhappy at the reason I had given for his behaviour; but there remained at the same time a spark of resentment against him.—Oh, my dear Maria! could the latter sensation last? When he appeared next—his dejected countenance, his dull and heavy eye, his sunken voice—pride, overbearing and turbulent, gradually sunk in my breast. I leaned on the elbow of my chair towards him, looked anxious and unhappy. He spoke little. My heart palpitated. I knew not what to say, or how to act.—'Pray sing,' said I, at length: 'pray sing, Henry, to oblige me.'—'I am not in a humour to sing,' he replied; 'I cannot, indeed: pray excuse me.' He then entered into conversation with my parent: they conversed rather warmly. He maintained that a man might love, and shew his passion so as to be understood, and yet never make a real declaration. My mamma protested such conduct was unmeaning—not to be depended on; and no girl of sense would rely on a half-declared passion. Here my hero exclaimed, 'That never while he breathed would he ask a woman to wait till he had the power to marry, lest that time might never come, and she might waste her youth and bloom for him in singleness.' By other things he let fall I understood he never intended to extort such a promise, but would rely on her for that constancy and voluntary rejection of other men for his future happiness. As he expressed himself thus, my parent left the room, and glowing with the pleasant idea of being properly comprehended, at this juncture he took me in his arms and gave me an ardent kiss: then, patting my neck as he released me, looked smiling on me with proud delight, in the manner a fond mother views her darling offspring when they appear uncommonly charming in her eyes. My infant sister becoming importunate to be nursed, I raised her in my arms, and placed her on his knee, begging him to amuse her. He accepted the task, tried to please her, sung, and danced her; then drawing me to him—'My wife!' said he in a low voice, 'our child!—oh, my fears!' and pressed us ardently and fondly to him. 'O fie!' said I, blushing; 'what are you saying?'—'That you were indeed mine!'—'What are you saying?' I replied; and, happily for my confusion, we were interrupted. The next day was the last he was to spend at Y———. Alas! unhappy me! how could I waste it so sadly! The dawning of the sun saw me dread its retreat; but when Henry on his knee called me his darling, his delight, implored me to return his passion, I pushed him back, and frowned;—yes, dear madam, frowned;—and was angry at his presumption, denied the parting kiss, and tore my hand from his last farewell grasp.—Sad review! My eyes drop

the tear of repentance, my heart is bursting with unspeakable anguish! Pardon the digression, my Maria; your once cheerful friend is too soon overcome.—Ah, Henry! beloved Henry! dear saint in heaven! look down on thy unhappy, lost Eliza! impart a ray of divine consolation to her breast! teach her to act as it becomes a being of the lower world!—

I had an acquaintance with a lady whose disposition was envious and unfeeling, and whose principles were not altogether just. She guessed to whom Henry's visits were paid, and determined to divide our affection. She whispered her doubts of his truth and constancy; nay, declared he loved and courted miss C——. For some time I turned a deaf ear to her assertions; laughed, and defied her treacherous tongue; but the violence of my affection causing a continual dread of losing him, a spark of jealousy kindled to confuse me, and at length I doubted his constancy. Some little event happening, caused us to think of removing to this place; he was written to, and requested to seek a house, which he did with the greatest dispatch; and answered the letter in the highest spirits, calling me his angelic Eliza. But the expression caused me no pleasure; I was determined to obliterate my unfortunate attachment, and consign his former tenderness to oblivion, seeing no prospect of being blest with his hand. I therefore contrived to act a new part; and when soon the time arrived that we met, I behaved so coolly and distantly civil, that he most certainly saw the change; for I fancied, or really saw, a less ardent tenderness in his manner. However, some few days after he seemed to forget my behaviour, and treated me as he was once wont to do; but my increased coolness at length aroused his indignation, and he ceased to pay me those attentions he had formerly bestowed on me: until one afternoon, when dressing my hair for the theatre in the evening, he gave me a look of tender complacency, and seizing me by the hand, forced me to sit on his knee. I remonstrated to no purpose for my release: he bound my arms with his handkerchief; and then passionately folding me to his bosom, kissed my face, my eyes, my hands; while, outrageous at his temerity, I half shrieked, and abused his violence in the strongest terms. But his sighs, hard fetch'd and sincere, called my attention; and my heart began to throb tumultuously. In the greatest confusion I raised my eyes to his; then blushing, hid my face on his shoulders, fearful he might read the expression too visibly painted in them. 'O God!' ejaculated the youth, clasping my form more ardently than before, and drawing his breath short, 'oh, oh!' I trembled, threw myself forward, while tears of mixed sensations were bursting from my eyes; and in threatening language commanded him to desist. Not insensible to his violence, he once more, as if (which it was) for the last time, pressed me to him; and sealing his lips to mine, said something in too low a tone to be understood, and unhanded me. This conduct would have had its weight with me, but an unhappy circumstance arose that destroyed my happiness. He was acquainted with a gentleman who was his sincerest friend, whom he valued greatly. He had a daughter named Lucilla, who was a fine woman, and commanded respect. Henry felt her merit no doubt; but I cannot harbour a suspicion that he entertained more than friendship for her: happier had I been if I had never thought otherwise. A friend of Lucilla's whispered strange things in my ears, to

stir up the tyrant jealousy to undo me. One day being invited to a lady's house where I met Lucilla and Henry, I had the mortification to see him pay her every attention. I concealed my unhappiness under a smiling countenance, yet wandered my gaze to the much-loved youth; and an inward resolve to banish him from my thoughts arose, when I observed that he seemed to be watching my motion, while the confirmation of the loss I had sustained in his affections rushed to my mind, and made me determine never more to encourage sentiments in his favour. But reflecting coolly on the subject another time, I thought it best to behave in a friendly though unembarrassed manner, that in future I might have no reason to charge myself with cruelty. For this purpose I now sought his company instead of shunning it; and he appeared to feel the change, and treated me more tenderly likewise. But an unfortunate incident again caused a rupture between us; and, mortifying idea! again originated from myself. It caused a little unhappiness to both for a time; but, rising above all little prejudices, he changed not his renewed attentions, but continued to give me increased testimonies of esteem. Alas, dear madam! last July I saw him never to meet again! Never shall I forget his last look! Was it stern?—was it reproachful?—Ah, no: it was not. It was mild, benignant, forgiving, expressive of his amiable mind. Ah me! as he leaned incautiously on his loaded gun, it fired, and shot him dead on the spot. The sun sunk as the bravest, noblest, best of human beings fell never to rise again; and the affrighted bird screamed in his hollow nest at the lowering sky and approaching storm. Time, with its lenient hand, is said to soften such affliction as then assailed me; but a settled dejection oppresses my heart: the evening brings with it despair and horror; the morning a painful recollection of my loss. Now the sun shines on his dismal enclosures, but shines in vain; now the cold rain bedews his grave, rots the gloomy coffin, and gives the beauteous body to the dust: now, now the gay bells ring for their customary rejoicing, and reverberate among the silent tombs; yet awake him not from his heavy sleep!—But avaunt, foolish fancy! he is living in heaven, though shrouded in death. Yes, his angel spirit now shines in the regions of a better world; mixes with a race of beauteous beings; and joins his loved Sophia's charming form.—Oh, my dear Maria! ought I to mourn my loss when he is so much happier in his present state? Ah! no, beloved Henry! I cast aside the tear while thinking on thy happy lot. See me myself again, respected lady, much valued friend! I will fling aside my gloom, shake off my taciturnity, be again, as once I was, the cheerful Eliza; be worthy your endeavours to console; reward your assiduity, your unequalled friendship.

Nov. 14, 1805.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE YEAR 1805.

JANUARY.

3. DIED the earl of Rosslyn, formerly lord chancellor of Great Britain.

7. A French messenger, with dispatches for the British government, arrived in the Downs, having been received on board the Tickler gun-brig from a flag of truce which came out of Boulogne. This messenger was the bearer of the overtures after

wards noticed in his majesty's speech to parliament.

8. Appointment of marquis Cornwallis to succeed marquis Wellesley in the government of India.

11. Letters of marque and reprisal issued against Spain.

Mr. Addington created a peer by the title of viscount Sidmouth, and afterwards appointed president of the council.

15. Commencement of the session of parliament. In the speech from the throne his majesty took notice of pacific propositions having been received from France.

18. A grand chapter of the garter held by his majesty at St. James's

22. The Spanish ambassador and his suite left London.

31. The London wet docks at Wapping opened, the tide admitted, and a brig introduced from the river Thames.

FEBRUARY.

4. A letter which Bonaparté had addressed to his majesty, with the overtures alluded to in his majesty's speech at the opening of the session of parliament, was communicated to the French legislative body.

6. The Abergavenny Indiaman wrecked off the Shambles; the captain, and nearly 300 of the crew and passengers, being drowned.

8. On the motion of sir Evan Nepean in the house of commons, leave was given to bring in a bill for continuing the suspension of the habeas corpus act in Ireland.

21. A French squadron, which had sailed from Rochefort, landed troops in Dominica, and made an attack on that island, but were repulsed by general Prevost. They afterwards visited other West-India islands, levied contributions, and returned to France.

25. The dowager queen of Prussia died in the 54th year of her age.

28. A bill for abolishing the slave trade, which Mr. Wilberforce had introduced into the house of commons, was thrown out on the second reading, on a division, by a majority of seven.

MARCH.

5. The committee appointed by the house of commons, on the petitions respecting the Middlesex election, reported, that Mr. Mainwaring was not duly returned, and that sir Francis Burdett ought to have been returned.

11. Sir William Rawlins and Albion Cox, esq. formerly sheriffs of Middlesex, ordered by the house of commons to be imprisoned in Newgate for their conduct at the Middlesex election.

17. The plan of the new Dutch constitution laid before the Batavian legislative assembly.

18. Bonaparté assumes the title of king of Italy.

The tenth report of the naval commissioners presented, on which the motions respecting lord Meville, &c. were founded.

25. The petition of the Irish Roman catholics presented in the house of peers by lord Grenville, and in the house of commons by Mr. Fox.

30 A fleet of eleven sail of the line, with troops on board, sailed from Toulon, and proceeded down the Mediterranean.

APRIL.

8. In the house of commons Mr. Whitbread moved a series of resolutions, founded on the tenth report of the naval commissioners, and censuring the conduct of lord Melville. On the division, the numbers on each side were equal, viz. 216, and the speaker gave his casting vote for the resolutions. The resolutions were presented in an address to his majesty, and lord Melville afterwards resigned his office of first lord of the admiralty.

9. The fleet from Toulon passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and formed a junction with Spanish and French ships in Cadiz, from which the combined squadrons soon after sailed for the West Indies.

18. A meeting of the livery of London, to consider the abuses brought to light by the publication of the tenth report of the naval commissioners, &c. This meeting was followed by a number of others on the same subject, in various parts of the country.

19. The expedition under the command of sir James Craig sailed from Spithead.

23. Grand ceremony of the installation of the knights of the garter at Windsor.

30. Lord Barham appointed first lord of the admiralty.

MAY.

1. A change in the Dutch constitution, and Schimmelpenninck placed at the head of the government, under the title of pensionary.

6. In the house of commons, Mr. Whitbread having moved an address to the king, praying his majesty to erase the name of lord Melville from the list of the privy council, Mr. Pitt intimated that his majesty had already been advised to take that step.

Died, the marquis of Lansdown.

In the house of commons, Mr. Calcraft laid on the table a declaration from sir Francis Burdett, stating, that he would not defend his return for the country of Middlesex against the petition presented on the part of Mr. Mainwaring and others.

10. Lord Grenville made a motion in the house of lords for referring the petition of the Roman catholics in Ireland to a committee.

13. A similar motion made in the house of commons by Mr. Fox.—The debates continued two days in both houses, and the question was in both negatived on a division.

25. The Genoese senate, in an extraordinary sitting, decreed the union of the Ligurian republic with France.

26. A grand ceremony on the completion of the new docks at Wapping, and two vessels in the Oporto trade, and several Spanish prizes, introduced with great pomp from the Thames.

JUNE.

4. A strong Spanish fort in Muros bay gallantly stormed and taken by fifty (officers included) of the crew of the Loire frigate, under the command of the first lieutenant, Mr. Yeo.

6. A grand review of the London loyal volunteers, artillery company, &c. by his majesty, in Hyde Park.

Mr. Whitbread moved resolutions against Mr. Pitt, on account of the advances to Boyd, Benfield and Co. but Mr. H. Lascelles having moved a justificatory resolution as an amendment, it was carried, and a bill of indemnity afterwards brought in upon it.

15. A great riot at the opera house.

19. Died, in the 78th year of his age, Arthur Murphy, esq. the translator of Tacitus, author of the Grecian Daughter, Three Weeks after Marriage, and other dramatic works.

25. On the motion of Mr. Leycester, the resolution for the criminal prosecution of lord Melville was rescinded, and a resolution for impeaching his lordship adopted.

26. Mr. Whitbread appeared at the bar of the house of lords, accompanied by a great number of members of the house, and impeached lord Melville of high crimes and misdemeanors.

JULY.

4. Lord Sidmouth resigned his

situation as president of the council.

9. Mr. Whitbread presented particular articles of impeachment at the bar of the house of lords.

An admiralty bulletin announced the arrival of lord Nelson in the West Indies, and of the combined fleet having been seen on the 20th of May, on its return to Europe.

10. M. Novosiltzoff, the Russian minister, charged with a mission to the French government, while at Berlin, on his way to France, delivered a note to baron Hardenberg, announcing his recal, in consequence of the annexation of Genoa to France.

12. Parliament prorogued by commission to the 22d of August, and by subsequent commissions to the 21st of January next.

22. Sir Robert Calder, with 15 sail of the line, fell in, off Ferrol, with the combined fleets of the enemy, consisting of 20 sail of the line, and after an action, which lasted more than four hours, captured two sail of the enemy, both Spanish ships of the line, viz. the St. Rafael and Firma.

26. A shock of an earthquake felt at Naples, and in the adjacent towns and country, to a considerable extent; the consequence of which was supposed to be the loss of 20,000 lives.

AUGUST.

1. M. de Novosiltzoff returned to St. Petersburgh.

12. The Royal Circus, Black-friars-road, destroyed by fire.

16. A bulletin from the admiralty announced that the combined fleets had got into Ferrol. The first port they made, after the battle with sir R. Calder, was Vigo, which they entered on the 27th of July. They afterwards stood for Ferrol, which they entered on the 5th or 6th of August.

20. General Moreau arrived at New York with his family.

The combined fleet, consisting of 27 or 28 sail of the line and several frigates, entered the harbour of Cadiz.

21. Lord Nelson, after his chase of the combined fleets, arrived in London.

25. His royal highness the duke of Gloucester died at half past eight in the evening.

31. Sir Sidney Smith attempted to burn the Boulogne flotilla with the fire machines called *carcasses*.

Declaration delivered at Vienna by the Russian ambassador.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Government received a telegraphic account of the marching of the French troops from Boulogne towards the Rhine.

The grand pensionary of Holland opened the assembly of their high mightinesses in the form prescribed.

4. The funeral procession of the late duke of Gloucester moved about eleven o'clock in the morning from his house in Grosvenor-street to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the remains of his royal highness were deposited.

The pay of the lieutenants of the British navy was raised to 8*s*. per day, and that of the masters to 12*l*. per month.

5. The East-India fleet came into the Downs, having on board property belonging to the East-India company, to the amount of 9,700.000*l*. private property about 4,600.000*l*. and the duty to Government amounting to 5,600,000*l*.

8. The Austrian troops crossed the river Inn.

15. Lord Nelson sailed in the Victory, accompanied by the Euryalus frigate, from Portsmouth, to take the command of the fleet off Cadiz.

The emperor of Russia set out

from St. Petersburgh, to join the army on the frontiers.

The Archduke Charles set out from Vienna, to take the command of the Austro-Italian army.

18. The emperor of Germany left Vienna for the army.

19. General Mack arrived at Ulm.

25. Marshal Lannes' division of the grand army passed the Rhine at Strasburgh.

27. The emperor and empress of France made their entry into Strasburgh.

28. The Russian ambassador announced at Vienna, that his Imperial majesty had ordered two of his armies to put themselves in motion.

29. Lord Nelson arrived off Cadiz.

OCTOBER.

1. Bonaparté quitted Strasburgh, and crossed the Rhine with the whole of the grand army.

3. The advanced guard of marshal Bernadotte, consisting of 4000 cavalry, commanded by general Kellerman, entered the territory of Anspach.

9. The Austrians defeated at Gunsburgh.

14. Lady Elgin and suit were permitted to leave Paris.

15. A boat was launched from the harbour of Boulogne, and drifting with the tide was taken up by the Immortalité frigate, containing the following bulletin:—'Ulm has surrendered to the French army, and the Austrian army is annihilated.'

16. The first embarkation of troops for Hanover took place at Ramsgate.

A sloop of 300 tons was blown up opposite Walmer Castle, by a newly-invented catamaran.

17. The surrender of Ulm with 30,000 men, was signed by general Mack.

19. An official note was stuck up at Lloyd's, communicating the agreeable intelligence that the blockade of the Weser and Elbe was removed, in consequence of the evacuation of Hanover by the enemy.

21. Lord Nelson engaged the combined fleets of France and Spain off Cape Trafalgar, about 60 miles eastward of Cadiz, and after a dreadful conflict of four hours, sunk or destroyed 20 sail, made the French commander in chief, admiral Villeneuve, and two Spanish admirals, prisoners; one Spanish admiral was killed, and another badly wounded. The British force consisted of 27 sail of the line (including three 64's). The enemy had 33 sail of the line, 18 French and 15 Spanish. The ever-to-be-lamented Nelson, whose flag was hoisted on board the Victory, fell at the close of the engagement, and was succeeded by rear-admiral (now lord) Collingwood.

22. Died, the duke of Roxburgh, in his 77th year.

NOVEMBER.

1. The gallant capt. Wright died in the Temple prison at Paris.

Lord Harrowby sailed from Yarmouth for the continent.

4. Commodore sir R. Strachan fought and captured four French sail of the line, with an equal number of British ships.

10. Prince Murat entered Vienna, at the head of 22,000 men.

16. The earl of Powis was appointed by his Majesty lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the room of the earl of Hardwicke.

The hon. Mr. Justice Johnson was tried at the bar, in the King's Bench, before the four judges and a special jury, for the publication of a libel against earl Hardwicke, lord lieutenant of Ireland, of which, after a long hearing, he was found guilty.

DECEMBER.

2. Great battle between the French and Austro-Russian army at Austerlitz.

4. The Victory arrived at Portsmouth with remains of lord Nelson.

5. A general thanksgiving for the splendid victory of Trafalgar.

6. Armistice signed between France and Austria.

23. The trial of sir Robert Calder commenced at Portsmouth on board of the Prince of Wales. It terminated on the 26th, when he was reprimanded.

THE SUICIDE,

A FRAGMENT.

'TWAS night; a solemn silence pervaded the earth, the winds roared in hollow blasts, while the troubled ocean dashed its foaming billows against the rocks and reverberated in sounds the most tremendous: the sky was dark and troubled, except when the moon emerged in all her splendour from a heavy cloud; not a star glittered in the firmament but its appearance foreboded a heavy storm, which the agitated flutterings of the sea-bird seemed also to prognosticate. The solemnity of the moment was congenial to my feelings; and, unconscious of the weather, I wandered to a spot endeared by the recollection of one with whom I had often trod it with delight. The majestic cliffs rose to my view in sullen grandeur: there, yon noble structure raised by the hand of plenty seemed to bid defiance even to age; here, the humble cottage with a mild exterior proclaimed the disposition of its inhabitants, and seemed to shrink in the rude neglected valley from the keen eye of observation. The labourer, wearied with the toil of the day, had returned to his humble roof to refresh himself in quiet and undisturbed slumbers against the cares of the ensuing one. The inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were all reposing in the arms of Morpheus, regardless of the pityless storm, which beat with unrelenting fury on the houseless child of want. My mind was deeply absorbed in reflection, when footsteps arrested my attention. I gazed around; and beheld, by the light of Cynthia (which at that moment shone with uncommon lustre), a tall elegantly formed young man; his head was uncovered, and his hair loosely flowed on his shoulders: he stood on the brink of the precipice. I approached him; he saw me not. 'Great God!' he cried, in a voice so soft that it melted me to tears, while he appeared to choke articulation, 'pity the unfortunate wretch now before thee, pardon the act I am about to commit, and forgive, oh, forgive the author of my miseries! Ah, Emma! how have I implored your pity! yet to all my intreaties you have remained inexorable, and drive me to endless ruin, and the abyss of eternal misery; yet 'tis for thee only I wish to live.' At this moment the painfulness of recollection seemed too much; he hesitated, then franticly exclaimed—'Coward heart! would'st thou live the object of her scorn? No, rather die!'—Then, raising his arms, he loudly exclaimed, 'Ah, Emma! in a few moments this heart, which ever beat for thee alone, will beat no more. In the cold grave, the blest asylum of the wretched, I shall repose the victim of injustice and ambition. Some happier object I trust will possess thy love, more ennobled by the gifts of fortune than the poor deserted object Henry. But I have a soul'—and here his voice assumed the tone of self-applause—'noble as thine: another lingering moment and Henry will never blast thy sight; he does not fear to die, but dares to meet it in the most horrid forms.' At this critical moment I approached and seized him by the hand; his eyes rolled wildly, he gazed on me, while an enquiry of who I was, was bursting from his lips; but I interrupted him.—'Rash youth!' I cried, 'forbear to meet thy God thus unprepared; rather bless the hand that lengthens

out the slender cord of life, than madly to enter into a world of spirits.' Whilst speaking, he looked fiercely at me, snatched a poniard from his bosom, which he plunged into his heart. The wound was mortal: he fell, never to rise again. The crimson fluid issuing from his side bedewed my garments; his fine athletic form became convulsed, a ghastly smile sat on his noble countenance, while drops of agony rolled down his cheeks; he fixed his dying eyes on me, pressed my hand with fervour, and inwardly exclaimed—'Farewell—mercy—Emma—farewell for ever!' He gasped for breath; nature was quite exhausted; the feeble spark of life diminished fast; he groaned, sunk again to the ground, from which, while speaking, he had raised himself, and expired. I stood bending over him appalled with horror, 'till rouzed by a sense of my own situation, I returned home ruminating on the melancholy event. On enquiry, I found it was a youth of amiable manners, fascinating person, and possessing every requisite to make him a valuable member of society, unable to brook disappointment, dared thus to terminate his existence, leaving his worthy parents inconsolable.

Nov. 30th, 1805. M. G.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE insertion in your entertaining miscellany of the following letter, which may furnish instruction to those who wish to excel in the tittle-tattle style of scandalous and mysterious correspondence, will much oblige A CONSTANT READER.

A Letter of the utmost consequence, containing the principles of all languages, from miss Z——, to miss A——.

Dear miss A——

The affair of count B—— is now the common talk of the town. The violation of miss C——'s honour has caused the resentment of the duke of D——. The earl of E—— has applied, though I am afraid to no purpose, to major-general F——, whose disposition, my dear, you know is violent and furious. In short, he declares he will come to no terms 'till he has seen sir John G——, and had a conversation with captain H—. Is it not astonishing that captain H——, who is only a half-pay officer, should be thought to be of proper authority to arbitrate this business? H——, however, has availed himself of the superior understanding of Jack I——. Jack I—— (you know his ridiculous way of picking his nose, and scratching his monstrous Brutus wig), a frightful creature!—Well, but to go on with my story: J—— has left it to doctor K——. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure, if chewing tobacco will do the business, the doctor will be infallible. But—would you think it?—the matter is shuffled off from doctor K—— to doctor L——, from doctor L—— to squire M——, from squire M—— to sir Nathan N——, from sir Nathan N—— to my lord O——. Messrs. P——, Q——, R——, and S——, have certainly behaved in the politest manner in the world; and T——, notwithstanding the closet affair, has acted really beyond expectation. As for miss U—— not depending on her single judgment, she called in the assistance of Miss W——. With regard to his excellency count X——, I am obliged to be silent.

I am,

My dearest, dearest miss,

Yours ever,

Z. Z.

P. S. You may depend that in relation to * and ** and ***, eternal secresy shall be observed.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE BILLOW.

I.

ONE wint'ry night the tempest loud did roar,
The anchoring vessels beat against the billow;
The boist'rous gale rudely assail'd the shore,
Wav'ing the branches of the pliant willow.

II.

On her nocturnal couch Marina lay,
Dewing with pearly tears her moisten'd pillow;
While him she loves so fearless bends his way
O'er th'Atlantic ocean's faithless billow.

III.

Even now perhaps he's wounded on the deck,
No friendly arm his drooping head to pillow:
Or, 'midst the dreadful horrors of a wreck,
Sinking beneath the cruel, surge-swoll'n billow.

IV.

So thought the nymph, until she sank opprest,
In sleep's soft arms, upon her tear-stain'd pillow;
A gentle slumber sooth'd her woes to rest,
Lull'd by the tempest that o'ertopp'd the willow.

V.

Tho' sleep had fetter'd thus in silken band
Her soul, yet sorrow haunted still her pillow;
She saw, while weeping on the sea-girt strand,
Her lover struggling on a furious billow.

VI.

'Adieu, dear maid! weep not for me,' he cries;
'I soon shall rest upon the sea's rude pillow!'
And, while she echo'd back his parting sighs,
Fainting he sank beneath the guilty billow.

MARY D.

Coleshill, 1805.

EUPHEMIA'S GHOST.

I.

WHEN Sol declines beneath the western sky,
And night in sable clads the silent groves;
Where yon tall poplars wave their heads so high,
The poor Euphemia's injur'd spirit roves.

II.

False Claudio's arts her easy faith beguil'd,
Robb'd her of peace, and sullied her white name;
Bereft her parents of their darling child,
And dy'd their aged woe-worn cheeks with shame.

III.

And, lost to virtue's most endearing power,
A wretched wand'rer did Euphemia roam,
While conscious guilt embitter'd every hour;
A friendless outcast from her native home.

IV.

At length she sunk, opprest with heartfelt woe,
While penitential tears bedew'd her eyes,
Where yon clear riv'let thro' the meadows flows;
Implor'd forgiveness, and thus praying dies.

V.

And now, at midnight's dreaded hour serene,
Through the drear grove oft glides her pallid shade,
Which by the fear-chill'd cottager is seen,
The neighbouring shepherd, or the village maid.

VI.

And oft, as village superstition tells,
With hideous shrieks she does the swains affright;
Whom dire necessity alone compels
To pass yon grove in the dun shade of night.

MARY D.

Coleshill, 1805.

SONNET

Addressed to Charlotte Richardson, whose little 'Tale of Woe' was told, in a letter from York, inserted in the Lady's Magazine for September, 1805, signed Catharine Cappe, and which stated, that her Poems, the effusions of a good but afflicted heart, would be published by subscription, to enable her to set up a small day-school, and so be the means of extricating her from sorrow the most heartfelt. The letter also subjoined two very pathetically-pleasing specimens of her poetical abilities.

OH, pensive poetress! accept the lay,
That pours, in truth, its tributary song.—
May thy meek breast, to mis'ry now a prey,
Hail purest peace its inmate ere 'tis long!
May the strong stream adversity has driv'n
'Gainst thy weak form soon cease with force to flow!
May angel mercy gaze on thee from heav'n,
And turn to joy your overwhelming woe!
Then may'st thy muse, compell'd to weep no more—
Or if to weep, to shed hope's happiest tear—
To that blest God, whom you so much adore,
Return the thanks of grief, to mercy dear!
Oh, pensive poetess! accept the lay
That truth, not flatt'ry, bids *a stranger* pay.

J. M. L.

Dec. 30, 1805.

LINES

Written on parting with a Friend, embarking at Ramsgate for Germany.

TO join the hero's envied name,
My Henry leaves his native shore;
Enroll'd amongst the sons of fame,
To taste the joys of home no more.

Alas! and must he ne'er return,
To cheer his Patty's lonely hours?
Must she his absence ever mourn,
A prey to mis'ry's torturing powers?

Mark his dejected woe-worn face;
See how the tear runs trickling down!
Sighing, he leaves this much-lov'd place,
Where love was wont his joys to crown.

The awful moment now draws nigh:—
Trembling he bids the last adieu;
Calls down a prayer, breathes forth a sigh,
And Albion's cliffs recede from view.

Hark! how in hollow blasts the wind,
Responsive to my sighs and tears,
While restless on my bed reclin'd,
Augments my sorrows and my fears!

Pitying angels, hear my prayer!
Protect him on the treach'rous waves!
Make Henry thy peculiar care,
Nor let him find a wat'ry grave.

M. G.

ACROSTIC,

On Miss ——, of ——, near Louth, Lincolnshire.

J UNO and Pallas once, as poets tell,
A nd Venus, from Olympus' heights descended
N ear Troy's fam'd town, on Ida's verdant top;
E ach there for Discord's golden prize contended.

B ut, lovely fair! had you been with the three,
O f all your charms Paris had thought the rarest:
'R eceive,' he'd cry, 'the prize on which is wrote—
'M y owner be the fair-one who's the fairest!'
A ssuredly thus had the shepherd done,
N ot Venus' self, but you, the prize had won.

J. B—KSB—K.

London, November 28, 1805.

HOME NEWS

To the CONCLUSION *of the* YEAR.

London, Dec. 21.

YESTERDAY the mortal remains of the justly celebrated comedian, Mr. King, were removed from his late house, No. 9, Store-street, Bedford-square, for interment at St. Paul's church, Covent-Garden.

25. The *Victory*, with the remains of the ever-to-be-lamented lord Nelson, arrived off Sheerness on Sunday. On the following morning the body was removed from that ship, and placed on board the *Chatham* yacht, under the direction of commissioner Grey, at Sheerness, which proceeded immediately on her way to Greenwich.

Oxford, Dec. 26. A very reprehensible *hoax*, as it is termed, was played off last week on the mayor of Oxford.—A packet, bearing the official seal of the treasury, announced to him the entire defeat of the French army, and the death of Bonaparte. The intelligence communicated in the packet was not signed with any name: the mayor, considering the seal to be of sufficient authority to warrant the truth of the story, caused the bells of the town to be set ringing, and preparations were about to be made for more *solid* demonstrations of joy, when it was discovered that the seal had been curiously cut from some other *envelope*, and carefully pasted on that, for the purpose of imposing on the credulity of the magistrate.

Portsmouth, Dec. 27. The trial of sir Robert Calder concluded yesterday, and by the sentence of the court-martial he was ordered to be severely reprimanded. Upon the sentence being pronounced, he seemed to be deeply affected, and retired without speaking a word. He was accompanied by a great number of friends; and on descending from the deck of the *Prince of Wales* into his barge scarcely lifted up his head, which was apparently bowed down by the weight of the sentence pronounced upon him.

Sir John Borlase Warren returned to the George inn, from London, this afternoon, at two o'clock, and this evening he embarked with his secretary, S. Prynn, esq. on board the *Foudroyant*, with the intent of putting to sea to-morrow morning from [St.] Helen's, with eleven sail of the li[ne] in search of the French squad[ron] which lately escaped, and which, [it is] said, is gone to the West Indies. [The] *Ramilies*, *Illustrious*, and *Canada* [are] going with sir John.

28. On Wednesday evening a melancholy circumstance happened on board the Robust, at Portsmouth-harbour, hulk to his Majesty's ship Africa. It being Christmas-eve, the midshipmen of that ship were invited to dine with the officers in the ward-room. One of them, between eleven and twelve o'clock, behaved improperly, and he was requested to leave the company. He went out, armed himself with a brace of pistols, and meeting with another midshipman on the quarter-deck, provoked him to fight a duel. The latter declined the challenge, and was going towards the ward-room to acquaint the commanding officer of the outrageous conduct of his messmate, when the refractory midshipman fired the pistol at him just as he opened the ward-room door, which lodged its contents in the breast of the commanding officer, lieutenant Finch, just as he was rising to enquire into the matter. The ball remains in his breast, and he lies in great danger at Haslar Hospital. The midshipman is in custody. His name, we understand, is A. Turner, master's mate.

London, Dec. 30. Between seven and eight o'clock yesterday evening a fire broke out in the stables belonging to the Swan with Two [N]ecks, in Lad-lane, which for a time threatened destruction to the whole of that extensive concern. The alarm was soon circulated to all quarters of the town,

and a number of engines, well manned with firemen, and tolerably well supplied with water, were plied so effectually, that they confined the fire to the demolition of that quarter of the stables where it began. The horses were for the most part out in the mail coaches; those at home were fortunately got out of the stables alive, but with extreme difficulty. A part of the back house and premises, hat about Love-lane, Aldermanbury, aught fire, but was soon extinguished.

31. Yesterday morning lord Hood, e governor of Greenwich Hospital, ended lord Hawkesbury, at his e in the Treasury, respecting the al arrangements for the ceremony of he remains of lord Nelson lying in state; when it was settled, that it should commence on Sunday morning, and continue during that day, Monday, and Tuesday. The procession on the Thames on Wednesday, and the funeral to take place on Thursday. The solemn procession will begin to move at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, from the Admiralty. Those who go in the procession will enter the Admiralty by the door in the Park.

BIRTH.

Dec. 25. At Roxton, Bedfordshire, the lady of major-general Onslow, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

27. At Ashborne, in Derbyshire, sir H. Fitzherbert, bart. of Tissington, in that county, to miss Agnes Beresford, daughter of the late rev. T. Beresford, rector of Sunning, in Berkshire.

Robert Baret, jun. esq. of Horstead, to miss Bowles, of the same place, daughter of captain Henry Bowles, on the Madras establishment.

DEATHS.

Dec. 20. At Edinburgh, after a very short illness, Mrs. Duff, wife of lieut. col. Duff, of the Inverness-shire militia, daughter of lady Louisa Manners, and sister to the duchess of St. Albans and lady Heathcote.

25. The hon. John Scott, son of the right hon. the lord chancellor of England, and member for Boroughbridge. Mr. Scott was one of the most amiable young men of the age; his manners were engaging, and his talents of a superior order. He had an unfortunate hesitation in his delivery, which would have prevented him from shining in public; but his attainments and judgment made him truly dear to all who knew him.

At her house in Lincoln's Inn-fields, the hon. Mrs. Erskine, wife of the hon. Thomas Erskine, M. P.

At Clanville-lodge, in Hampshire, in the 78th year of his age, after a few days' illness, general Mathew, colonel of the 62d regiment of foot, many years governor of Grenada, and commander in chief in the West Indies.

28. At Bath, in the 66th year of his age, sir John Brisco, bart.

Francis Knowles, esq. of Ferne-hill, near Windsor.

30. At Portsmouth, Mrs. Jane Lenox, sister of major J. B. Savage, royal marines.

A general bill of all the christenings and burials, from December 11, 1804, to December 17, 1805.

Christened in the 97 parishes within the walls, 1039—buried, 1141.

Christened in the 17 parishes without the walls, 4673—buried, 3630.

Christened in the 23 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, 10,369—buried, 8113.

Christened in the ten parishes in the city and liberties of Westminster, 4214—buried, 1681.

Christened	Males -	10,513	In all 20,295
	Females	9782	
Buried	Males -	8874	In all 17,567
	Females -	8691	

Whereof have died,	
Under two years of age	5204
Between two and five	2199
Five and ten	826
Ten and Twenty	514
Twenty and thirty	1283
Thirty and forty	1765
Forty and fifty	1829
Fifty and sixty	1504
Sixty and seventy	1187
Seventy and eighty	757
Eighty and ninety	320
Ninety and a hundred	82
A hundred	5
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